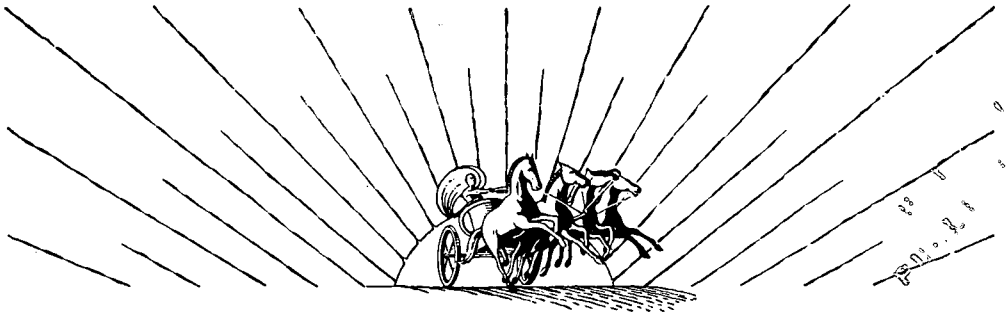

THE LIVING AGE

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STUDY SUGGESTIONS FOR THE CLASS-ROOM

January 23, 1926

INDIA UNDER BRITISH RULE. How does India resemble Italy? What changes has British rule wrought in India? Name the three chief departments in the government of Asiatic countries. What Indian industry was almost knocked out of existence by British competition? What political unit remains constant in India under all kinds of governments? Name some of the weaknesses of Eastern civilization. How and why does the influence of the British differ from that of other nations that have conquered India? For what benefits are the British responsible? How may India some day be able to cast off the British yoke?

A PROBLEM OF PSYCHOLOGY. What opinions do the French and Germans hold of each other that make their relations difficult? Why is the war spirit harder to kill now-a-days than formerly? What 'psychological factors' does M. D'Ornesson mention?

UNOFFICIAL OBSERVERS IN POLAND. Give in your own words a brief description of Warsaw at the present time and of the districts in Poland visited by the Swiss correspondent.

A. A. MILNE. Name some of Mr. Milne's works. On what does his fame chiefly rest? How would you characterize him on the basis of this article and on the strength of any books of his that you may have read?

The purpose of these suggestions is not only to assist the teacher in adapting the *Living Age* to the class-room, they are also intended to show our more casual readers how readily the magazine lends itself to a systematic study of the world we live in.

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NEXT WEEK

MAKING A SHAH IN PERSIA *By Wolseley Haig*

Like Mussolini in Italy and Kemal Pasha in Turkey, Riza Khan Pahlavi is Persia's man of the hour. After serving throughout the war as a common soldier, he has risen to the position of military dictator in the local fighting that has been going on ever since. He is now the most powerful individual in a country whose oil resources have made her very popular among the Great Powers.

GREECE UNDER A TYRANNUS

By an Observer in Athens

Since the Great War Greece has suffered many stormy days. Her quick-change artists in the Government, her ill-starred military expeditions, and now the flood of refugees pouring in from Asia Minor, have combined to make a dictatorship inevitable. Democracy is temporarily ousted from its ancient cradle.

KING, QUEEN, AND JACK *By Hans Christian Andersen*

This fairy tale by one of the greatest children's writers of all time was suppressed when it originally appeared, and is here republished for the first time.

TWENTIETH-CENTURY FOLK-SONGS

By St. John Ervine

You know them — 'Yes, Sir, That's My Baby,' and similar lyrics, in which, according to Mr. Ervine, the social historian of the future will detect a quaintness that escapes us to-day.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 328 — *JANUARY 23, 1926* — NO. 4255

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

DIPLOMACY OR DENTISTRY?

HAS the action of the United States at Tacna-Arica, like the efforts of most peacemakers, resulted only in 'complicating the fight'? That question irresistibly obtrudes itself with the return of General Pershing to Washington. To be sure, a date has been set for the plebiscite in the disputed territories. But the preliminary arrangements for holding it are apparently in abeyance, and dissensions in the Commission and local recriminations among the contending parties have probably been more acute than the American public realizes.

It might have been better if the American representatives and the Chilean authorities had concluded arrangements satisfactory to both parties for securing the safety and nonmolestation of Peruvian voters before any attempt was made to bring the latter back to the lost provinces. As it is, the period during which the Commission has been in session has witnessed what appears to have been a reign of violence and intimidation by the Chileans over those Peruvians who ventured to return, and aggravating reprisals by the latter against the Chileans themselves. General Pershing has offended Chile by insisting that the balloting be postponed until an election can be held under as fair conditions as an ordinary election in the United States. Unfortunately that is not too common in many parts of Latin America, even where issues of far less importance and free from international animosities are at stake.

Quite apart from the inescapable difficulties inherent in the situation, which were perhaps insurmountable from the outset, our handling of affairs has not been altogether tactful. Peru was permitted to employ American plebiscite advisers whose nationality and sex were from the very beginning an offense to the Chileans and aroused suspicion of our Commission's partiality in the minds of the mob, if not of responsible officials. It would have been far better had the Peruvian staff consisted entirely of neutral Europeans or of representatives from some Latin-American country entirely unconcerned in the controversy. We hesitate,

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without further information, to cite certain other complaints against our people. Senator Edwards, the Chilean member of the Commission, in a speech whose publication caused a furor in South America and brought a rebuke from General Pershing, was most outspoken in his condemnation of some of the American observers. Among other things he said: —

I am bound to declare that these are men wholly unfitted for the task which was assigned to them. They form, moreover, an organization created by the President himself, since there is no mention made of it in the Award. They are men who, knowing nothing of the language, have fallen into the hands of the Peruvians. They have never requested the assistance of Chileans in making these investigations. The conduct, in particular, of Messrs. K—— and D—— is abominable, and the honor of my country cannot be delivered into their hands. Recruited from the Canal Zone, among vulgar people, they cannot judge or destroy the reputation of trusted officials or of the *carabineros*, who are carefully selected men.

But it is Peru rather than Chile that has the sympathy of South America, if we may judge from those specimens of press opinion that reach our desk. *O Jornal*, a leading daily of Rio de Janeiro, said in condemning the speech by ex-President Alessandri that we published in our issue of January 9: 'From the beginning to the end it is characterized by a violent and demagogic spirit clearly designed to arouse public hostility and to create obstacles for the North American delegation. Dr. Alessandri not only suggests war, but he predicts it in case the plebiscite goes against Chile.'

It is not surprising, therefore, to hear it rumored that the plebiscite may be canceled — and a settlement sought by less popular but more orthodox diplomatic devices.

DISARMAMENT SKEPTICS

EUROPE watches with some reserve the preparations for the coming Disarmament Conference at Geneva. *Le Temps* credits the representatives of the League having the matter in hand with certain accomplishments: 'The problem has been clearly defined. All of its aspects have been presented to the world. We are shown that its solution must depend absolutely in one form or another upon the guaranty of general security. Disarmament will be a snare and a delusion as long as any Power can, under any conceivable conditions, put in the field forces superior to those which the League of Nations has at its command for punishing an aggressor. Unless we are positive that a conference for the limitation of armaments will proceed on this principle, unless we start out by assuring the immediate and adequate security of any country exposed to aggression, it will be better not to start a debate that under present conditions will only excite new international irritation.' General Fonville, writing in *La France Militaire*, — not as a professed pacifist, — thus summarizes the situation: —

Champions of general disarmament — or, to put it more exactly, of the limitation of armaments — tell us: 'First disarm and you will by that very measure assure peace.' That is the thesis of Ramsay MacDonald and of many Americans. France replies: 'No. You confuse cause and effect. We must first lay a firm foundation for peace by guaranteeing beyond all risk the safety of every nation; then each government will naturally cut down its burdensome armaments.' Now can we honestly say that peace stands on unshakable foundations to-day? Have we entered upon an era of unquestionable security? I do not believe we have. In truth, we have merely begun to move in that direction, and almost everything still remains to be done. Some argue: 'The Locarno Pact sufficiently guarantees

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security to enable us to limit armaments with confidence.' That has not been proved. Undoubtedly the Pact is an excellent thing. It has created a new atmosphere in one part of Europe. It has relieved tension, and has substituted mutual comprehension for hatred and distrust. But merely signing a pact does not ensure indefinite peace. It is but a beginning. Only experience can tell whether we are actually on the road to that grand objective.

The Tory *Morning Post* agrees with this view, and considers it 'peculiarly illogical to suppose that the nations will lay aside their arms until they receive some substantial assurance of security.' That assurance is not to be found in disbanding a few regiments and abolishing a few warships. 'It must consist in the gradually acquired conviction that the causes of war, both spiritual and material, no longer exist.' Furthermore, this journal points out, the Locarno Treaty itself assumes the existence of armaments. 'That guaranty consists of a pledge to use armed forces in case of necessity. Nevertheless, it is continually represented that the Treaty of Locarno is the first step toward disarmament. How, then, can disarmament be reconciled with the maintenance of the guaranty, whose validity depends solely upon force?'

✻

POLITICS OF RUBBER

AMERICAN protests against the Stevenson scheme, by which British interests control the price of rubber, are not particularly welcome to anyone in Great Britain — unless it be a few large rubber-users who find present prices detrimental to their business. Naturally British Imperialists who have watched the recent prosperity of the United States with a not altogether unenvious eye rejoice in this opportunity to make us contribute to England's national purse. Even Manchester school free-traders, who ordinarily would be hostile on principle to artificial restraints of trade, take grim satisfaction in seeing the screws put on our own country. The *Westminster Gazette*, while describing the Stevenson plan as 'sheer protection,' thus chides our country for protesting against it: —

> As a protective scheme we can feel little sympathy with the Stevenson plan, but America is the last country to raise any objection. Is it altogether unreasonable, according to American economic thought, that when the rubber-growers find tenpence a pound too little to pay them they should so arrange the land under cultivation that a better price will be forthcoming? Don't the American cotton-growers act on this principle? The livelihood of millions of English people depends on the price of cotton, but we have not complained of the unfairness of the American cotton-growers. And American wheat, upon which not merely our livelihood but our life depends? Do we complain when, as last year, wheat touches famine prices? And yet one might make out a case for complaint if America were, like ourselves, overburdened with debt and actually making a huge yearly payment to the country in whose hands lies the control of these necessaries. But when record-breaking dividends are announced by the American companies, the largest of all being a motor company; when at the same time it is announced that the taxpayer is to be relieved to the extent of sixty-five million pounds, one begins to wonder if the United States is not losing its sense of humor.

✻

SHIFTING FORCES IN ARABIA

WHEN Ibn Saud, Sultan of Nejd and leader of the Wahabis, occupied Medina last month he became undisputed master of the holy land of Islam. His followers are the stern, uncorrupted puritans of that faith. They aspire to be the regenerators of the Moslem world. Possibly visions of renewing the wider conquests of the Prophet and his

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followers hover at times in the mind of the new master of Mekka. But he is in touch with delegations from Egypt, Persia, and Moslem India, from all creeds and sects of the faithful, and also with representatives of France and England. Presumably, therefore, he is not blind to modern political and military realities. Nevertheless, his hostility to the Hashimites, the Shereefian family whom he has driven from Mekka and Medina, may impel him to attack the two remaining rulers of that hated race — Emir Abdullah of Transjordania, and King Feisal of Irak. This would bring him into conflict with Great Britain, and possibly with France.

From the standpoint of good government, and probably of religious purification, the Wahabite victories are to be welcomed. During the Ottoman régime, and in a still greater degree during the recent reign of King Hussein and his successor, the Hejaz has been in a state of anarchy, and Moslem pilgrims have been subject to every conceivable form of extortion and persecution by their nominal fellow believers. Ibn Saud is said to be restoring order there with an iron hand. More than that, he plans to put the holy places in charge of a Pan-Islamic Commission containing representatives from each important Mohammedan country, and also to restore the Caliphate.

*

SOUTH AFRICAN OPINION

Political circles in South Africa have been agitated of late by a difference in the Boer-Nationalist and Labor coalition Cabinet. Some of the Nationalists have protested against the appointment of what they consider Red extremists to ministerial posts. General Smuts raised another issue by suggesting a reconciliation, with possible fusion, between his South African Party and the Nationalists, both of which are dominantly Boer organizations. This overture, after considerable discussion, has been rejected, because the Nationalist extremists are not willing to compromise for the sake of winning new allies. Apparently they get along better with Labor extremists, with whom they utterly differ in every clause of their political credo, than with middle-of-the-road men of their own race.

General Hertzog, the Premier, recently told a German correspondent that he opposed the proposal that Southwest Africa send representatives to the Union Parliament, because he wanted to avoid any action that might arouse a suspicion that South Africa designed to annex this ex-German province. Indeed, the Union has no right to do so, for she exercises only a mandate over that territory.

General Smuts delivered a notable Armistice Day address at Pretoria, in the course of which he reviewed the history of European peace efforts since the beginning of the Paris Conference seven years ago. He described the early conflict of opinion there between the 'Continental school,' which wanted to make the League a military agency for enforcing peace, and the 'American-British school,' which was opposed to a super-State or 'League of Military Coercion,' and believed in merely bringing the nations together in a definite and regular way with permanent machinery for discussing their difficulties and solving them by conciliatory procedure.

The only outright concession to the Continental school in the Covenant as finally drafted was Article 10, obligating all members of the League to defend the territorial integrity and political independence of member States against external aggression. Concerning that provision General

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Smuts said: 'This Article I consider a blot on the Covenant, and I have always opposed it. It was taken from one of President Wilson's Fourteen Points, but is not in harmony with the fundamental ideas of the Covenant.'

Subsequently the European Powers sought to impose the doctrine of the Continental school upon Europe, regardless of the League. 'It seemed as if there was a deliberate policy of ignoring or nullifying the League and erecting in her stead a system of pacts and military arrangements to provide for future security. All through the Poincaré régime this seemed to be the set policy of France.'

The Protocol also, in General Smuts's opinion, was a device clearly designed to reform and recast the League in the spirit of the Continental school. 'It is a curious fact, which is not generally known, that the Protocol largely embodied the ideas that had been decisively defeated in the League of Nations Committee at Paris, as both dangerous and impracticable. The Protocol was based on two main ideas, both of which were diametrically opposed to the original Covenant. In the first place, war was to be completely stopped and outlawed, and, in the second place, the prevention of war had to be guaranteed by the military and naval forces of all the signatories to the Protocol.' Such a device, in General Smuts's opinion, was sure eventually to break down and to beget bigger and bloodier wars.

The Locarno Pact is not open to many of the objections of the Protocol. It is not designed to impose a supergovernment upon the world or even upon Europe, but to prevent efforts to change present frontiers by a resort to arms. Another difference of primary importance is that Germany is a voluntary partner in, in fact the initiator of, the Pact. The execution of that Agreement 'is placed under the League, and will therefore be a reënforcement of the League and not a derogation from it.'

For Great Britain the Pact represents, 'not only a new departure, but probably the most considerable departure that she has ever undertaken in her foreign policy. Only the signature of the Treaty of Belgian Neutrality was at all comparable with it, and that signature changed the course of history some eighty years afterward.'

In concluding his remarks General Smuts paid the following tribute to the Empire, against which he fought not very many years ago: —

> The Empire is a priceless blessing, not only for its hundreds of millions of citizens, but it is to-day, with American abstention from the League, the main force supporting the advance of the great human causes and ideals of the world. From every point of view, therefore, the maintenance of its solidarity and of its united front is essential to human welfare. . . . Let us first and foremost cherish and develop our own natural life and institutions in South Africa. They are nearest and dearest to us, but they are not enough. Beyond them let us cherish the Empire and make it a power for good in the world. But even that is not enough, as the Great War has taught us. Beyond South Africa, beyond the Empire, let us cherish and develop this ideal of a great spiritual society or civilization, the fitting home of the human spirit in its widest sweep and highest reach, and we can best do that by giving our allegiance and our willing service to the cause of the League of Nations.

MINOR NOTES

American investors were not able to take up an allotment of $26,000,000 of the $50,000,000 loan recently made by the German Potash Syndicate because our Government vetoed the project on the ground that this would be lending financial aid to a foreign

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monopoly exploiting American consumers. English capitalists readily subscribed for the entire loan, however, and the *Kalisyndikat* was not much inconvenienced by our action. Nevertheless, according to *Frankfurter Zeitung* 'the decision of the Washington authorities has caused general surprise and indignation in Germany — surprise because the Germans who handled the loan discovered nothing during their negotiations in New York and Washington to suggest that the Federal Government would object to it, and indignation because that Government's action was evidently due to misinformation and inadequate knowledge of the facts. First of all, Germany has no monopoly on potash. Since the war the Alsace district has become an important independent producer. Furthermore, potash works are being operated and constructed in other countries, although they do not as yet contribute appreciably to the market. The loan in question would not help the German Potash Syndicate to raise prices abroad. Quite the contrary. The money is to be employed in extensive plant-improvements intended to increase production and requiring enormous foreign sales to make them profitable. Such large sales will be possible only if prices are kept down.'

THE trade-unions in the British wool industry have presented to the Board of Trade a plan for State or coöperative purchase of imported wools as an alternative to protective duties. During the war the Government adopted a policy of collective buying that saved the country a large sum in the cost of raw materials. The Unionists claim that collective buying would make it possible to stabilize the price of wool for a long period ahead, and thereby enable manufacturers to contract far in advance for the delivery of their products without risking a loss through speculative fluctuations in the raw-wool market.

A GOLDEN SHOWER

Italy's Voluntary Dollar Subscription to Pay the First Installment on Her Debt to America
— *Il Travaso*, Rome

THAT INCONVENIENT STRING

A Dutch View of the British Mandate for Irak
— *De Haagsche Post*, The Hague

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INDIA UNDER BRITISH RULE[1]

BY KARL MARX

[THE following letters were contributed by the founder of modern Socialism to Horace Greeley's daily nearly three quarters of a century ago. They were recently rediscovered in Moscow and published in a Russian journal whose title in English would be 'Under the Banner of Marxism.' After comparing the present translation, which has been made from the German edition of this periodical, with the *Tribune's* evidently imperfect English version of the German original, we have selected the former for publication here, as it apparently reproduces more precisely and smoothly the author's meaning. The editor of the *Labour Monthly* observes in his introduction to the letters: 'It is astonishing how up to date Marx's analysis appears. His description of the revolutionary changes in the basis of the Indian social order brought about by the British conquest of India, and his forecast of the involuntary creation by British capitalism of the necessary political and economic conditions for Indian independence, have been strikingly confirmed by events.']

New York Daily Tribune, June 25, 1853. — Hindustan is an Italy of Asiastic dimensions, with the Himalayas for the Alps, the plains of Bengal for Lombardy, the Dekkan for the Apennines, and the island of Ceylon for Sicily. Hence the similar great diversity in soil production and the analagous cleavages in political structure. Just as Italy from time to time has been split up by the sword of the conqueror into different national portions, so we see Hindustan, where not under the pressure of Mohammedans, Moguls, or Britishers, broken up into as many independent and hostile States as it counts towns or even villages. Regarded from the social standpoint, however, Hindustan is not the Italy but the Ireland of the East. This peculiar combination of an Italy with an Ireland, of a world of voluptuousness with a world of suffering, reflects itself in the old traditions of the religion of Hindustan. This religion is at once a religion of sensual extravagance and of self-mortifying asceticism, the religion of the Lingam and the Juggernaut, the religion of the monks and the dancing girls.

I do not share the opinion of those who believe in a golden age of Hindustan; without, however, like Sir Charles Wood, appealing to the authority of Kuli Khan for the confirmation of my view. One has only to picture for oneself, for example, the times of the Aurangzebs, or the epochs when the Mogul appeared in the North and the Portuguese in the South, or the Mohammedan invasion and the Heptarchy in South India, or, if one wishes to go back still further into antiquity, the mythological chronology of the Brahmans themselves, in order to date back the beginning of Indian misery to an epoch which reaches further back than the creation of the world according to the Christian reckoning.

But all the former civil wars, inva-

[1] From the *Labour Monthly* (London Communist review), *December*

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sions, conquests, and famines touched only the surface. England, on the other hand, has torn down the whole scaffolding of the Indian social order, without so far any obvious signs of a rebirth being visible. This loss of an old world without winning a new one lends an especially tragic character to the present misery of the Indians, and distinguishes the present-day Hindustan as ruled by the British from all the ancient phases of her existence.

For unthinkable ages there have been in Asia only three departments of government — that of finance or internal plunder, that of war or external plunder, and, finally, that of public works. Climate and soil conditions, especially the enormous stretches of desert reaching from the Sahara across Arabia, Persia, India, and Tartary to the highest plateaus of Asia, make artificial irrigation by canals and waterworks the fundamental basis of Oriental agriculture. In India, Egypt, Mesopotamia, and Persia alike, river floods were utilized for fertilizing the soil and increasing the water-storage for feeding the irrigation canals. The absolute necessity of frugal, economical use of water, which in the West, in Flanders and Italy, compelled the private owners to join in voluntary union, determined in the East, where the civilization was too low and the area too great for it to bring about a voluntary union, the interference of the central government. Thus arose an economic function of all Asiatic governments, namely, the function of promoting public works. This artificial fertilizing of the soil, which depends on the administration of the central government and immediately falls into decay with the neglect of irrigation and land-drainage, is the explanation of the otherwise curious fact that at the present time whole regions are barren deserts which were once under excellent cultivation, as, for instance, Palmyra' Petra, the ruins of Yemen, and whole provinces in Egypt, Persia, and India. It explains also the fact that the devastation of a single war could cause the depopulation of a country for centuries and rob it of its whole civilization.

The British in India have taken over from their predecessors the departments of finance and of war, but they have entirely neglected that of public works. Hence the decay of agriculture, which cannot be carried on in accordance with the English principle of free competition, of *laissez faire, laissez aller*. We are, however, quite accustomed to see in Asiatic empires the decay of agriculture under one government and its restoration under another. The harvest here corresponds to the presence of a good or bad government, just as in Europe it reflects good or bad weather. The subordination and neglect of agriculture, however bad it might be, could not be regarded as the ultimate ground of the collapse of the Indian social order brought about by the British invasion if it had not also been accompanied by circumstances of quite a different significance, by an entirely new phenomenon in the annals of the Asiatic world.

Whatever the numerous changes in the political picture of India's past, its social order remained unaltered from the oldest times up to the first decade of the nineteenth century. The hand loom and spinning wheel, which employed regularly their millions of spinners and weavers, formed the industrial background of this society. For ages past Europe has been in receipt of the wonderful products of the Indian textile craft, giving precious metals in exchange. Thus was provided the material for the work of Indian goldsmiths, who formed an indispensable constituent of Indian society, where the love for ornaments is so great that even the

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almost naked Indians of the poorest sections of the population usually wear a pair of gold earrings or some gold ornament about the neck. Rings are also generally worn on fingers and feet. Women and children frequently wear massive bracelets of gold and silver, and in the dwellings one often sees gold and silver idols.

It was the British invasion that shattered the Indian hand loom and smashed the spinning wheel to pieces. England began by displacing Indian cotton goods from the European market. Then she brought cotton yarn to Hindustan, and finally flooded with cotton from abroad the real home of cotton itself. Between 1818 and 1837 the export of yarn from Great Britain to India rose in the proportion of 1 to 5200. In 1824 the export of British cotton goods to India amounted to hardly a million yards; in 1847 it already exceeded sixty-four million yards. At the same time the population of Dacca dwindled from 150,000 to 20,000. This shrinkage of Indian cities long renowned for their fabrics was by no means the worst consequence. British steam power and British science destroyed all over India the union of agriculture and hand-manufacturing.

These two circumstances — on the one hand, the fact that the Hindus, like all Oriental peoples, left it to the central government to look after large-scale public works, the basis of agriculture and trade; and, on the other hand, the fact that this agriculture and this trade, spread over the whole country, were only knit together in small centres through the domestic union of agricultural and handicraft labor — these two circumstances had already produced in the very earliest times a specific social system, the so-called Village System, which gave to each of these small centres its independent organization and its own special life. An Indian village has been officially described in a report to the House of Commons as a tract of country some hundreds or a thousand acres in extent, whose cultivators constitute a sort of natural corporation. It has a *potail*, or headman, who superintends village affairs, settles disputes, keeps order, and collects taxes; a *kurnum*, who keeps a record of the crops and all matters pertaining to cultivation; a *tallier*, or village constable; and a *totie*, who among other duties guards the crops and assists in measuring them. There is also a boundary man, who keeps a record of all meets and bounds relating to the village; an irrigation man; a Brahman who performs the village worship; and a schoolmaster; besides other minor officials with occasional duties. This simple system of communal government has existed from time immemorial, and, despite wars, famines, floods, and epidemics, the boundaries of the villages remain virtually the same that they were at the dawn of history. Rulers may come and go, kingdoms may rise and fall, but the village persists intact.

These small, stereotyped forms of social organization are for the most part in dissolution, and are on the point of vanishing, not so much owing to the brutal invasion of British tax-collectors and British soldiery as to the influence of British steam engines and of British free trade. These family communities were based on home industry, with specific inclusion of hand-spinning, hand-weaving, and hand-tillage, which made them self-supporting. The British invasion which transplanted the spinner to Lancashire and the weaver to Bengal, or swept away both the Hindu spinner and the Hindu weaver, dissolved this small half-barbarian, half-civilized community, inasmuch as it shattered its economic basis, and so carried through the great-

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est, and in truth the only, social revolution that Asia has ever experienced.

However distressing it may be to see how these innumerable industrious, patriarchal, and peaceful social communities have been disorganized, resolved into their constituent parts, thrown into an abyss of suffering, and their separate members robbed at the same time of their ancient culture and of their inherited means of existence, it should nevertheless not be forgotten that these idyllic village-communes, innocent as they may appear, have always been the firm basis of Oriental despotism, have held the human mind prisoner within the narrowest horizon imaginable, have made it the pliant tool of superstition and the slave of traditional usage, and have robbed it of every element of greatness and of historical creative energy. Nor should we overlook the barbarian egoism of those who, clinging fast to a miserable scrap of soil, have looked on unmoved at the ruin of whole kingdoms, at the practice of unspeakable cruelties, at the massacre of the entire populations of large cities, incapable of perceiving in all this anything beyond a simple phenomenon of nature, and who have themselves been condemned to such impotence as to fall helpless victims to every assailant who deigned to favor them with his attention. It should not be forgotten that this worthless, immobile, passive, vegetative existence also evoked wild, aimless, and unbounded powers of destruction, which in Hindustan made murder itself a religious observance. We must not forget that these small communities were condemned to caste-separation and to slavery, that they degraded man to a mere creature of external circumstances, instead of exalting him to a ruler of external forces.

It is also true that England, in setting into motion a social revolution in Hindustan, was actuated solely by the lowest interests and proceeded stupidly in her endeavor to bring it about. But this is not the matter in issue. Rather the question is: can mankind fulfill its mission without a fundamental social revolution in Asia? If it cannot, then England, whatever the crimes she may have committed, has in the carrying through of this revolution acted only as the unconscious instrument of history.

New York Daily Tribune, August 8, 1853. — How did it happen that British supremacy was established in India? The far-reaching power of the Great Mogul was broken by the Mogul's viceroys. The power of the viceroys was broken by the Mahrattas. The power of the Mahrattas was broken by the Afghans. Then, while the fight of all against all was raging, the British burst in, and were able to subdue them all. A country in which not only Mohammedans fought against Hindus, but also race against race and caste against caste, with a society the coherence of which arose from a kind of equilibrium due to the mutual aversion and inborn segregation of all its members, was predestined to become the booty of conquerors. Even if we knew nothing about the history of Hindustan, would not the cardinal and indisputable fact be sufficient that up to this very moment India is held in subjection to Britain by an Indian army maintained at India's expense? Hence India could not escape the fate of being conquered, and her whole history, so far as it is anything at all, is a history of the successive conquests to which she has been subjected. India has no real history, at least no known history. What we call her history is solely the story of recurrent invaders, one giving place to the other, who founded their empires on the passive basis of this nonresistant

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and unchanging society. The question is not, therefore, whether the British had a right to conquer India, but whether we should have preferred to see India conquered by the Turks, the Persians, or the Russians, rather than by the British.

England has a double mission to fulfill in India, one destructive and one creative; the destruction of the old Asiatic social order, and the creation of the material conditions for a social order of the Western type.

The Arabs, Turks, Tatars, Moguls, by whom India was successively overrun, were quickly Indianized, since barbarian conquerors, in obedience to an eternal law of history, always succumb to the higher civilization of their subjects. The British were the first who were superior to the Hindu civilization, and therefore conquerors inaccessible to its influence. They destroyed it, in that they broke in pieces the Indian community, wiped out the native industries, and leveled to the ground all that was great and exalted in Indian society. The history of British rule in India records little else than destruction. As yet the signs of a rebirth have hardly begun to appear among the ruins.

The political unity of India, which is to-day more consolidated and extensive than ever it was under the rule of the Great Mogul, forms the first of the conditions for India's rebirth. The unity forced on the country by the British sword will be increased by the introduction of the electric telegraph. The native army, organized and drilled by British officers and sergeants, will be the *conditio sine qua non* of Indian self-emancipation, of an India that will have ceased to be the continual prey of every foreign invader. The free press, now penetrating into Asiatic society for the first time, represents a new and powerful lever in reconstruction. The zemindari and ryotwari systems, however abominable they may be in themselves, signify two pronounced forms of private property in the soil, for which Asiatic society is so greatly thirsting. Among the Indians in Calcutta, so reluctantly and cautiously trained up under British supervision, a new class is springing up which exhibits the qualities necessary for governing and which is acquainted with European science. Steam-power has brought India into regular and speedy communication with Europe. It has linked India's chief harbors with those of all the southeastern ocean, and snatched her out of the position of isolation that was the chief cause of her stagnation. The day is no longer far distant when, by a combination of railway and steamship, the distance between England and India, measured in time, will be reduced to eight days, and thus the one-time land of fable will be actually annexed to the Western world.

The ruling classes in Great Britain have so far been interested in the progress of India only exceptionally, in passing, and from case to case. The aristocracy wanted to conquer her, the plutocracy to plunder her, and the big capitalists to exploit her. Now, however, the page has been turned. The big capitalists have discovered that the conversion of India into a producing country has acquired vital importance for them, and consequently that it is above all necessary to provide India with means for artificial irrigation and for the expansion of internal trade. They intend now to cover the whole of India with a network of railways — and they will do it. The consequences will be immeasurable.

It is a notorious fact that the productive forces of India have been paralyzed by the complete lack of means for dispatch and exchange of its manifold products. Nowhere more glaringly than in India does lack of transportation

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produce social misery in the midst of natural superfluity. It was proved by a committee of the House of Commons in 1848 that, while grain was being sold in Khandesh for from six to eight shillings a quarter, in Poona, where the people were dying of hunger in the streets, its cost was from sixty-four to seventy shillings, without its being possible for stocks to be obtained from Khandesh, because the clay roads were impassable.

The railways will cause a reduction of the army and of military expenses. Captain Warren, Commander of Fort St. William, declared before a Select Committee of the House of Commons: —

> The possibility of obtaining information from distant parts of the country in as many hours as days and even weeks are required at present, and of dispatching instructions together with troops or stores in the quickest possible way, are factors the importance of which can hardly be overestimated. The troops can be stationed in more remote and healthier localities than heretofore, whereby considerable loss of human life through sickness can be avoided. The amount of stores required in the various depots will be less than before, whereby damage due to the climate will also be avoided. The strength of the army can be decreased to an extent corresponding to its extended power of movement.

We know that the communal administration and the economic basis of the village communities have been destroyed. Their worst feature, however, — namely, the isolation of society in rigid and separate atoms, — has been retained. The isolation of the villages explains the absence of roads in India; the absence of roads in its turn perpetuates the isolation of the villages. Now that the British have put an end to this inertia and self-limitation of the villages, the railways will create an increased need for trade and communication.

I know that the English big capitalists wish to endow India with railways solely in order to obtain cotton and other raw materials for their factories at a low price. If, however, machines are once introduced into a country that possesses coal and iron, then it is impossible to prevent such a country from producing them for itself. It is impossible to maintain a railway system in a country of such huge dimensions as India without at the same time developing all those industries that are needed to fill the immediate current requirements of such a railway system. This must draw after it an application of machinery in those branches of industry that are not immediately connected with the railways. Thus the railway system in India will become in fact a forerunner of modern industry. That will be so much more the case since the British authorities themselves credit the Hindus with a special facility in adapting themselves to new methods of labor and in acquiring the necessary technical knowledge. A striking proof of this is furnished by the capacity and skill of the native engineers of the Calcutta mint, which has for years made use of steam machinery. The same is true of the Indians working the steam machinery of the coal district of Hurdwar, and in other cases. Even Mr. Campbell, however much he may be under the influences of the prejudices of the East India Company, has to allow that —

> the vast mass of the Indian people possess a great industrial capacity, are well suited for the accumulation of capital, and are endowed with notable mathematical powers, capacity for reflection, and talent for exact sciences.

'Their intelligence,' he says, 'is remarkable.' Modern industry, developing on the basis of the railways, will do away with the outlived division of labor on which the caste system rests,

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and the chief obstacles to Indian progress and Indian power.

All that, however, which the British bourgeoisie will be compelled to bring about will neither free the masses of the people nor essentially improve their social position, which depends not only on increased production, but also on the way products are distributed to those who create them. What the bourgeoisie will do is to create the material preconditions for both. But has the bourgeoisie ever done more?

The Indians, however, will not reap the fruits of the new blessings conferred upon them by the British bourgeoisie as long as in Great Britain itself the present ruling classes are not displaced by the industrial proletariat, or until the Indians themselves become sufficiently strong to shake off the British yoke once for all. In any case, in the more or less near future this great and interesting country, this noble branch of the human race, which, to use an expression of Prince Saltykov, is *plus fin et plus adroit que les Italiens*, will experience a great revival.

The deep hypocrisy and innate barbarity of bourgeois culture is revealed as soon as we turn from home, where it assumes respectable manners, to the colonies, where it appears in all its nakedness. The bourgeoisie is the protector of property. But where has a revolutionary party ever carried through such an agrarian revolution as in Bengal, Madras, and Bombay? Has not the bourgeoisie in India, to employ the phrase of that great robber Lord Clive himself, taken refuge in cruel extortion when simple corruption could no longer keep pace with its rapacity? Has it not, while in Europe it chattered of the inviolable sanctity of the national debt, in India confiscated the dividends of the rajahs who had invested their private savings in the securities of the East India Company? Has it not, while it fought the French Revolution under the pretext of the defense of 'our holy religion,' at the same time forbidden the propagation of Christianity in India? Has it not, in order to extract money from the pilgrims streaming to the temples of Orissa and Bengal, made a trade for itself out of the murder and prostitution of the temple of Juggernaut?

The destructive effects of British industry on India, a country as large as Europe and covering a hundred and fifty million acres, are obvious and terrible. But we should not forget that they represent solely the organic result of the whole system of production, in the form which it has taken at the present time. This production has as its basis the unrestricted rule of capital. The concentration of capital is of essential significance for the existence of capital as an independent power. The destructive effects exerted by this concentration of capital on the markets of the world only discloses in gigantic dimensions the laws of political economy that to-day are in operation in every city in the civilized world. The bourgeois period of history has to create the material basis for a new world — on the one hand, world trade and the means for this trade based on the dependence of nations on one another; on the other hand, the development of human productive forces and the transformation of material production into scientific mastery of natural forces.

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IN A JAPANESE DEPARTMENT STORE [1]

BY HANNAH ASCH

OSAKA'S narrow streets are full of noise and life. They are bounded by interminable rows of low brown wooden buildings with shops or workshops wide open to the street. Among these little structures towers, like Gulliver above the dwarfs, a modern eight-story department store. High over its roof floats a huge fish of painted gauze with shiny eyes glittering in the sun. In other respects the building looks like any large department store in Europe.

A gayly garbed throng crowds in and out of its portals. Ricksha coolies push through the dense mass of pedestrians shouting their shrill cries of warning. Hundreds of wooden *getas* rattle click-clack, click-clack, on the pavement. The young women and children are clad in kimonos of brilliant hues with bright-colored embroidered obis around their waists; while older women and men wear soberer garb.

A moment's delay halts the steady procession passing through the doors, while the wooden clogs, or getas, of those entering are taken by the porter and parked in high heaps. Your Japanese, whether poor or rich, wears these clogs instead of shoes, with a sort of foot mitten with a separate place for the great toe instead of stockings. The few in European dress are given coarse baglike scuffs to wear over their shoes. So it is in soft-mittened feet or denim-covered boots that the customers trip into the building over the handsome blue matting that covers every floor. No visitor presumes to enter directly from the street with dirty footwear.

Consequently this great shop is spotless. Scarcely a particle of dust penetrates from outside, although thousands of customers file in steady procession through its aisles.

A large Japanese store, like an Occidental establishment of the same kind, displays its goods in separate departments and in the most attractive and accessible manner possible. But the wares themselves are as different from ours as are the purchasers. The salesladies, heavily painted and powdered like most Japanese women, wear dark-colored kimonos and bright sashes. They stand demurely but attentively in their white-mittened feet beside their counters and show-cases, writing orders and cash slips like salesladies everywhere. They take the money to a cashier, bring back the change, and hand the purchaser his or her daintily wrapped package with a smile and a bow so low that their heads sink almost to the height of one's knees.

Dress goods are quite different from those in Europe. As a rule they are only about twelve inches wide, and are displayed in rolls. There are different departments for men's and women's fabrics. The Japanese buy very little ready-made clothing, but baste their kimonos together out of these narrow goods, which come from the factory rolled in lengths sufficient to make a single garment. When washed, the

[1] From *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin Liberal daily), *August* 15

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stitching is always taken out and the strips are ironed upon a board and then basted together again.

Japanese ladies revel in shopping as much as do their European sisters. They examine any number of patterns before they carefully select the one they want. Then they point this out to a saleslady, who makes a low obeisance, smiles, and serves her customer. Bargain counters and remnant tables are as popular here as everywhere, and are mobbed by a crowd of eager purchasers. Padding for kimonos is sold in a separate department.

Some of the more costly silk goods are simply marvelous. They have wonderful Japanese flower-and-bird patterns, in fascinating colors that, though sometimes so bright as to be almost glaring, are always harmoniously combined.

No ladies' hat department exists, for Japanese women do not wear headcovering. Neither is there a shoe or a hosiery department on a scale comparable with a Western shop. But one can buy getas here of every form and fashion.

Porcelains are displayed in an upper story reached by modern elevators that are constantly crowded and are operated by girls. A broad, carpeted, dignified, and beautifully designed marble stairway also leads to the upper floors. Among the porcelains, tea sets easily occupy first place. They range all the way from cheap ware costing a few cents to the most delicate and expensive chinas decorated in gold and colors. The latter are kept in cupboard-like chests, but ordinary ware is displayed on tables. All of these goods are different from those exported to Europe. Instead of cups the tea-sets have small, flattish bowls without handles. A table service includes a great number of little bowls and tiny saucers that look as if they were designed for a doll's house. No wineglasses or decanters of the Western type are on sale. Sake, which is brewed from rice, is drunk from little bowls not much larger than a thimble, and is served from slender, bottlelike porcelain flasks, which are often imported into Europe to be used for vases.

Another department is devoted to ladies' coiffures. Here one can buy high artificial Japanese heads of hair already adorned with the usual decorations. Very many of these are sold. Then there are all kinds of false hair, rats of jet-black human hair or black wool, and coal-black switches. The latter are worn in rows. Many pretty decorations are used in Japanese hairdressing — flowers, combs, arrows, bangles, short strings of artificial pearls, and jade or greenstone pins. Some of these are very costly. I saw a row of four little opals priced at several hundred yen.

One of the most interesting sections of this great store is the toy department. It is not filled with the cheap 'made in Japan' stuff which we Westerners know so well. Not only are many of the toys very expensive, but they represent quite different things from those that would amuse a European child. Samurai, Japanese knights and noblemen of the feudal age, are very popular. You see these symbols of courage and bravery in all sizes and groups, and in all attitudes of battle, but invariably portrayed with great fidelity to history. They are on foot and on horseback. In the latter case the horse and the saddle are oftentimes real works of art. A special sale of gauze fish was on, for this is the season for them. They were displayed in all sizes and colors, generally red and black, and some were several metres long. At the time of the great Japanese fish holiday these are raised on bamboo poles outside the houses, where they

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fill with the wind and make a great display soaring back and forth. You can tell the number of sons in a cottage by the number of fish floating in the air above it.

In the music department I found old Japanese instruments like the samisen side by side with gramophones of all styles and prices. There is a large, handsomely decorated concert-hall where the newest popular hits and opera selections are played for purchasers. This room was crowded with men, women, and children sitting with bowed heads listening intently. When the programme was over they slipped out in their stockinged feet almost without a sound.

Of course, a great shop of this kind has a restaurant and tearooms, where one can be served in either the Japanese or the European style, and meanwhile view through the windows or from an open roof-balcony the great panorama of tall smoking chimneys that encircles Osaka.

EVENING

JOHN FREEMAN

[*Daily Herald*]

In the hush of early even
The clouds came flocking over,
Till the last wind fell from heaven
And no bird cried.

Darkly the clouds were flocking,
Shadows moved and deepened,
Then paused; the poplar's rocking
Ceased; the light hung still

Like a painted thing, and deadly.
Then from the cloud's side flickered
Sharp lightning, thrusting madly
At the cowering fields.

Thrice the fierce cloud lighten'd,
Down the hill slow thunder trembled;
Day in her cave grew frightened,
Crept away, and died.

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A PROBLEM OF PSYCHOLOGY[1]

BY VLADIMIR D'ORMESSON

CHATEAUBRIAND has written: 'Man's great strength and great weakness consist in his inability to remain permanently unhappy.' This condenses into a few words the whole history of the troublous relations between the Germans and the French since the war. Man's great source of strength is his vital urge, is the irresistible movement that carries him forward from meditation upon the past to new experiences and problems. His great weakness lies in the fact that this very progress at times makes him indifferent to rights that seem bound up with his very concept of justice. Some think it a sign of strength to nurse the war spirit, and a sign of weakness to forget what we have suffered. Others consider clinging to war memories a weakness, and ability to forget the past and face the future true strength. These conflicting opinions are based ultimately on differences of moral outlook. Theoretically either opinion may be right. The real test comes when we try to apply our ideas to practical conduct.

We and the Germans do not agree as to facts. We differ as to the origin, the significance, and the settlement of the war. It is probable that we shall not be of a like mind regarding these matters for a long time to come. It would be remarkable were it otherwise. Even members of the same family cannot always understand each other, especially when their interests clash. Naturally it is not strange, therefore, that two nations, embittered against each other by a cruel and bloody war, should be of opposite opinion. Some imagine that Germany's mentality and constant resistance to the Treaty are entirely the effect of the harsh doctrines and policies of the Allies. That is pure nonsense. It is perfectly natural for Germany to try to escape the consequences of her defeat, just as it is perfectly natural for us to try to prevent her escaping them. The silly thing is to fancy that we can reach an agreement about matters where our interests are diametrically opposed. We should have the good sense and courage to face this fact squarely.

Are we to conclude, therefore, that the two nations, so recently enemies, can never become reconciled? That is putting the question too broadly. We can assume, however, that as long as the contractual obligations arising out of the war color the relations of the two countries each will suspect the other of evil intentions and accuse it of unfair acts. France will always believe that Germany is trying to wriggle out of the consequences of defeat. Germany will always believe that France is trying to keep her in tutelage.

The art of foreign statesmanship consists in drawing a clear distinction between hard facts that we cannot change and ideas that inevitably and unceasingly do change. Modern civilization makes the consequences of war more and more crushing, and dooms belligerent nations to longer and longer

[1] From *Le Temps* (Paris semiofficial opportunist daily), *November* 28

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domination by war psychology. In former times the masses had little experience of actual battle. National sentiment as we understand it hardly existed. Europe was more or less one great community. When a war was over, a treaty was signed, a few towns passed from one master to another, and a few thousand professional soldiers went back to their barracks. That ended it. To-day a war upsets the entire nation. Every able-bodied man is called to the colors. Wide territories are devastated. Vast amounts of property are destroyed. Poor people become rich and rich people become poor, and posterity for generations to come is burdened to pay for the follies of its ancestors. More than that, our democratic governments, which are controlled by public opinion, are obliged to convert the people to their way of thinking, to inculcate in them a war psychology.

Is it surprising, therefore, that the peace spirit should be harder to call back to-day than it was a century ago? Rather let us marvel that it returns as rapidly as it does. Instead of being impatient with its dilatory steps, instead of abandoning ourselves to illusions, let us look facts straight in the face. If we see them as they are, instead of pretending that they do not exist, we shall make them less intimidating.

Somebody will say: 'Drop politics. We admit that we have done some things, like occupying the left bank of the Rhine and seizing the Ruhr, whose motive the Germans may misunderstand. We admit, further, that Germany has done things, such as electing Marshal Hindenburg President, without meaning quite what we supposed she meant. All that has to do with politics, and politics may be a bad adviser. Let us confess and be done with it that Germany and France cannot get together on common political ground. But, thank Heaven, there are other things besides politics — business and economic realities, for example. Our minds can meet on these subjects and we can coöperate along these lines.'

I should like to believe that, but I don't. I rest no hope on prospective trade-alliances between France and Germany, which are more glorified by poets than by hard-headed business men. But even if we do meet on common economic ground and something practical results from it, I do not think that will bring us much closer together. *Mariages d'usines* have never changed the hearts of men — and, after all, we are dealing with questions of the heart and mind.

What are in truth the psychological factors that underlie the failure of the French and Germans to understand each other? Why are these two nations mutually incomprehensible? How does it happen that, after living side by side and constantly interchanging ideas for centuries, they still regard each other as inevitable enemies? Is this merely some hangover from Bismarckism and Pan-Germanism, or are there other reasons, deeper, unexpressed, yet perhaps of a higher order, that inevitably make the two nations mentally different?

If we search for these deeper causes of mutual antipathy we may discover some of them in the invasion of German speculative philosophy that began to upset France as long ago as 1750, and that gave the French a false conception of their neighbors. We assumed offhand that the spiritual individualism of the Protestant Reformation logically led to social and political individualism. We expected the Germans to follow that course, as we should have followed it. We supposed that Germany would adopt a political creed logically har-

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monious with her religious creed, as we should have done in her place.

Meanwhile Germany misinterpreted the evolution of French thought — or, rather, she saw only its evolution. She took at face value what we meant merely as literature. She generalized too widely from a few facts, and consequently formed a hasty and incorrect conception of our nation.

This resulted in miscalculations, disappointments, and fundamental misunderstandings on both sides. It begot a thrifty crop of a priori assumptions peculiarly dangerous in international relations. Most of the key ideas that constitute the moral and intellectual make-up of a nation — its concepts of democracy, government, nationalism, religion, social development, liberty, and progress — are practically always different in the French and in the German mind. What is the reason for this? Why are we thus invariably out of key? Possibly because our French intellect has from the first falsely interpreted the whole philosophy of our neighbors across the Rhine. Perhaps the only way to dispel this misunderstanding is by a study of comparative psychology, by a search into the abstract and secular causes that underlie habits of thought and action and all those reflexes that tend to become traditional.

Of course, that is a long way from 'Franco-German reconciliation' as conceived by the *esprits forts* of the Café du Commerce; or as some business men and politicians, preoccupied with our immediate needs, imagine it to be. Doubtless, too, this is a very different approach to the question from that which presents itself to statesmen solicitous for the security of the Continent. For this is no way to reach a speedy solution of our problem, such as those who feel its full urgency demand. We shall have to unravel calmly and deliberately the thousand mental and moral elements that make up national character, and that often represent the deposit of centuries.

Men waste their eloquence, and, what is more, their time, when they insist that we must discover in the present lessons of the war and in the coming economic organization of Europe ways for eliminating Franco-German discord. That discord will continue until we ascertain its ultimate causes. Those causes lie in the realm of ideas more largely than in the realm of physical fact. The further back they lie the longer it will take to remove them. An immense task lies before the men who are willing to devote their lives to learning how to attain a spontaneous and natural peace.

Objectors will say that we are making the goal so remote that it is not worth the toil of reaching it. But do we plant an olive tree for next year's fruit?

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UNOFFICIAL OBSERVERS IN POLAND[1]

BY OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENTS

I. A RUSSIAN IN WARSAW

I HAD heard so many stories, before I reached Warsaw, of the unpleasant experiences of people who tried to speak Russian there that I addressed the customs officer in French. But he proved to know as little of that language as of Turkish. Imagine my surprise then when, upon learning my nationality, he addressed me in pure Russian and became especially courteous. I am accustomed to expressions of sympathy from the French, the Czechs, and the Germans, but I did not expect to hear them in Poland, where I had been assured everybody hated Russia. When I asked the official in question if this were not so, he smiled and said: —

'Any sensible man feels as I do. If you stay in Warsaw a few days you will discover that people are glad to talk Russian with you. They will tell you about their visits to Moscow and Petrograd, and some will express the hope of revisiting those cities.'

Quite encouraged by this, I next spoke to a policeman in Russian, as my Polish is anything but fluent. He answered me courteously in the same language. Then I addressed the tram-conductor; after which I spoke in the same language to the man who sat next to me, and discovered that he was a Russian refugee. But another passenger stopped reading his Polish newspaper and interrupted with some show of irritation: 'I am surprised at your insolence, sir — insulting us here with your Muscovite jargon!'

Having thus vented his anger, the patriot looked around for approbation. But he received none. On the contrary, a little old man in the corner reproved him for his rudeness; whereupon the patriot indignantly crumpled up his paper, tried to annihilate us with a wrathful glance, and bolted out to the rear platform, where he continued to mutter. People whom I have met since tell me that such incidents are rare to-day, but that two years ago it was not safe to speak Russian openly in Warsaw.

All Russians who visit Warsaw think it their duty to go to the Saxon Gardens and take a farewell look at the Orthodox Cathedral, which is being torn down. I confess that the pathetic accounts of this outrage that have appeared in the newspapers have left me rather cold. But when I personally turned the corner of the Krakowskie Przedmiescie and stood before the ugly board-fence beyond which towered the mighty skeleton of the former Cathedral a wave of indignation surged up within me. I was ashamed of my fellow Europeans for committing a piece of vandalism that even the Turks refrained from perpetrating when they

[1] From *Dni* (Paris Conservative-Socialist Russian-language daily), *September* 23 and 30, and *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (Swiss Liberal-Republican daily), *October* 11, 13

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conquered Christian cities. I was correspondingly gratified to hear two American journalists who were standing close by and talking English express identical sentiments. One of them pointed to a battered mosaic over the half-demolished portal and compared the Poles to the Turks, mentioning the Church of Saint Sophia in Constantinople, which the Turks converted into a mosque, to be sure, but did not damage.

Several Polish peasants stood near by, looking at these two foreigners. Then they turned to me and, pointing to the workers who were demolishing the heavy brick walls, said apologetically: 'Tell the gentlemen not to think those are Polish laborers. No, the Poles refused this job. Then our lords hired Germans to do it; but even the Germans cannot make much headway with this *kosciol* (church), it 's so solidly built. People say they 're going to use big guns to smash down the walls. They have wasted great heaps of money tearing down that church while our own churches need repairs and the Government has no funds to keep them up. Why did n't they make it over into a Polish church and save the money and avoid the sacrilege?'

I related this incident frankly to several Poles, and they all sympathized with what the peasants said. I was also told that one Polish architect submitted to the Government a plan for altering the building that would have cost much less than to tear it down, but the authorities and the legislature refused to consider the proposal. They were determined to obliterate this 'hateful memorial of Russian oppression.'

At the same time, however, other memorials of Russian oppression are not only allowed to remain but are kept in careful repair. These are the citadel and the prison. Rather inconsistently, Polish sentiment is not wounded by the sight of these structures where so many of the nation's patriots languished in dark dungeons and gave their lives for their country in the days of the Tsar's government.

Yet Warsaw is unquestionably the handsomest town in Eastern Europe. The Poles are immensely proud of their capital, and compare the Ujazdowski Avenue with the Champs Élysées and the Bois de Boulogne. The Government and municipal authorities take pride in the appearance of the city, and are trying to make it rival the great capitals of Western Europe.

But this takes money, and money is sadly lacking just at present. As a result, short stretches of perfect asphalt-pavement alternate with patches of old wooden pavement in extreme disrepair, and new modern buildings stand side by side with structures so dilapidated that they threaten to fall on the people in the street below.

In no other city of Europe do you see so many uniforms. Army officers loiter everywhere, and one is never out of sight of a policeman. Two or three stand at each important crossing, and others ride constantly up and down the streets. Beggars too are very common.

A visitor also notes the frequent street-collections. You are asked on one corner to donate fifteen or twenty *groszy* for the air fleet, and, on the next corner, for the gas defense. A moment later a young lady pins to your coat lapel a Red Cross insignia, and another one begs you to drop something into her tin box for the homeless children. A little later a truck passes from which a youth in naval uniform appeals to the citizens through a megaphone to donate for the young Polish navy. Side by side with cigarette-vendors in the Saxon Gardens and the Krakowskie Przedmiescie stand little tables at which elegantly gowned ladies

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sell chocolates and lottery tickets for the benefit of some League, or Soldiers' Home Fund, or for relieving the destitute in the border provinces. These collectors sometimes patrol the streets in parties and invade restaurants and cafés in order to appeal to the customers at their tables. During one hour in a café on the Krakowskie Przedmiescie I counted five such groups, and felt compelled to donate to them in the aggregate as much as I paid for my coffee and pastry.

All the efforts of the city authorities have as yet failed to convert Warsawites into Parisians or Berliners. In many ways the Poles and Russians resemble each other. Both have the same disposition to take risks and to violate regulations. Motor-car drivers, for example, still refuse to recognize any rules whatsoever, in spite of the strenuous efforts of both the police and the courts to safeguard the lives of pedestrians. Motormen and tramcar conductors are equally staunch in resisting the introduction of 'European customs.' As a consequence, it is a risky business to travel on a street car. No conductor pays attention to what is happening at the entrance; he starts his car regardless of whether people are getting on or off, and it is a common sight to see agitated passengers chasing wildly after a moving car through the jam of traffic.

As I have indicated already, the feeling of intense hostility to Russia that was common two or three years ago is rapidly waning. Several Poles said to me, in substance: 'Our worst enemies are our own ultra-patriots, who imagine that Poland will permanently occupy Russia's place in the European concert of Powers. They think that every Pole hates the Russians as much as they do. That is a great mistake, as you can discover by walking through Warsaw or visiting any Polish village.'

I had abundant opportunity to convince myself that this was true. For example, I visited the market near the Zelazna Brama, or Iron Gate, where the peasants bring in their produce to sell. As soon as they heard me speaking Russian several men and women clustered around me to offer me in Russian their butter, eggs, and cheese. They spoke of Russia in the warmest terms. One of them volunteered the information that the Poles never believed the Russian people were responsible for what the Tsar's officials did. I was even more surprised to hear one man declare loudly that those officials were not so bad after all. Of course, they perpetrated all kinds of injustices, but who could say that injustice had disappeared even now? The man thereupon waved his hands in the air and began to complain about heavy taxes, unemployment, the high cost of manufactured goods, and all the other ills that are so familiar to us in Europe at the present time.

That evening, when I was drinking my stein of beer in the Saxon Gardens, the band struck up a medley of Russian popular songs. The place was crowded, and when the band finished the audience applauded wildly and shouted 'Bis! Bis!' The Russian songs were repeated, and their repetition was again applauded with enthusiasm.

II. A SWISS IMPRESSION

RAIN has been falling all night. Low-lying clouds close in the broad, rolling plain. White peasant-cottages and barns stand in groves of mighty trees. It is cold in the car. A Jew rises with a sigh from his cushion. The train stops. A woman porter in a khaki uniform seizes my luggage. Two or three

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peasants' carts and a dilapidated automobile stand in the pools before the gray, empty station.

Hotel Nordbanhof. The woman porter struggles up two narrow, steep flights of stairs with my luggage. I offer to help her, but am brusquely waved aside. Before I draw the curtains I look out the window. The streets are empty. There is a long, shrill shriek from a factory whistle. A beggar sits on the ground at a corner with his cap in front of him, silently asking alms.

The Witkowitz Coal and Iron Works near Ostrau in Czechoslovakia are the second-largest establishment of the kind in Europe. They were founded one hundred years ago at the coal mines here. All the varied operations — mining, iron-smelting, steel-making, and manufacturing — are centred in one big establishment. Vast shops, huge retorts, black furnace-stacks, and trackage cover several square kilometres. Witkowitz is a world in itself — a great organism of coal, water, ore, limestone, and gas.

Cranes reach over and pick up a carload of metal at a time. Furnaces open and pour cascades of molten iron into huge ladles, which railway cars whisk off to unknown destinations. Huge masses of incandescent steel creep across an immense hall, crawl under mammoth rollers, and come out ruby-and-black sheets, rails, and armor plates. A pipe-line makes a great circuit of several kilometres at the height of an ordinary house, carrying furnace gases to the electric power station. Every dynamo rests on its own pier, isolated from the foundations of the building in which it stands, and yet the offices shake and shudder like a ship's cabin in a storm.

These Witkowitz Works belong to two great captains of industry — Rothschild and von Guttmann. They produce steel ingots, armor plates, rails, structural iron, besides such by-products as ammonia, tar, and pitch. At present they employ eighteen thousand men. During the war the number reached forty thousand. Their raw materials come from their own mines in Slovakia, Hungary, and Sweden, and they sell their output in every part of Europe.

Ostrau, which owes its importance to the works, is a typical industrial town. It has some twenty banks and a huge café where the business world assembles daily. The café is called Europa, but it should be named Palestina. New suburbs extend from the older centre in every direction, their broad avenues bordered by rows of scrawny shade-trees and low buildings with bright, gaudy signs. Soot from the iron works covers everything, so that the unshod peasant-women who bring vegetables to market go home with feet as black as Africans.

The town lies where Czechoslovakia, Poland, and Germany meet. Consequently it is an El Dorado for adventurers. Immediately after the war fabulous fortunes were made here. Factories were erected, made money for a time, went into bankruptcy, and were generally bought up for a song by the Witkowitz Works, which automatically absorb all their smaller neighbors.

A great gray mountain-range lies on one side of the town. It is an artificial mountain of the slag from the Witkowitz furnaces. Beyond it lies the gently rolling Moravian countryside. Horses pasture on the banks of a silvery river. Peasant girls in red jackets are getting in the hay. I am stopping with a friend in a country home surrounded by waving grainfields. Here it is always cool, even in midsummer. A fire is started in the evening, for a cold wind comes down at night from the neigh-

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boring mountains, whose blue outlines are visible on the horizon.

It was also raining when I arrived at Krakow, and had been for three days. Rubber coats, galoshes, umbrellas, and cabs failed to keep out the wet. So I retreated to my room in the upper story of the hotel until the deluge was over. Far away across the roofs I could see a low, dark wall — the Carpathians. When I opened the window an offensive odor rose from an undisturbed garbage-pile in the little courtyard below.

Czechs, Germans, and Hungarians have fought over Krakow; Tatars have pillaged it; epidemics and fires have ravaged it. Later it was for centuries the capital of Poland. In her golden age Copernicus taught at its university, which is older than the one in Vienna, and learning was so in honor that even the servants spoke Latin. But again foreign armies swept into the town, which lies unprotected in the great plain, and foreigners once more ruled here — first the Russians and then the Austrians. At length the World War gave Krakow back her freedom.

Old dilapidated palaces with little Jew shops on the ground floor; wide squares and courtyards where scrawny horses eat their hay on the dirty pavements; streets where you may meet at any corner a Tatar in a round cap or a Jew in a caftan; graceful Saracenic fortress-towers; great gray steeples of Gothic churches at whose feet ancient Jewish beggar-women cower — these are the sights that first greet the stranger's eye.

The Wawel, where stands the former Palace of the Polish kings, is a height overlooking the Vistula. In the Cathedral, with its blue-and-gold dome, lie the tombs of Polish kings and heroes. To enter it is to return to the Middle Ages. Old, barefooted peasant-women with burdens on their backs kneel and bow their foreheads to the floor beside sarcophagi where royalty lies embedded in bronze and stone. The former Palace of the Kings is a gigantic Renaissance structure surrounding an immense courtyard. Famous Italian architects designed it and Tatar war-prisoners built it. To-day several hundred Polish soldiers, with shovels and wheelbarrows, are working here. The Wawel, the Kremlin of Poland, is to be restored. The Austrian Government used it as a military barracks, and the artistic treasures that once adorned its apartments were scattered to the four winds. Now they are being laboriously collected again, including the famous Jagellonian Gobelins designed from Raphael's cartoons. They hung for a time in the Warsaw Palace, and were taken from there to the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg. The Soviet Government agreed in the Riga Treaty, which ended the last Russian-Polish war, to return these treasures, but up to the present only part of them have come back.

Kusciuzko's Hill, a high pyramid of earth raised outside the city in honor of Poland's national hero, slowly disappears behind us, and we have become only a moving point on the great plain that stretches unbroken to the Ural Mountains. Even the clouds seem to have more room here, and move across the heavens slowly and majestically in great billowy masses. When you imagine for a moment that a stretch of forest or a low swell in the ground bounds your vision, you see beyond it a factory chimney or a church tower incredibly remote in the unreal distance.

The sun shines relentlessly after the long rain. Here and there are stretches of water left from a recent overflow. Horses and black, shiny cattle pasture in the meadows. Everywhere people are working in the fields — but almost

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entirely women. Women also labor on the railway line with picks and shovels. When we pass they stop, look up, and wipe the perspiration from their brows, their white headcloths fluttering in the draft made by the train.

Shining lines of railway tracks stretch in great sinuous curves across the country, over fills and bridges. They often run close to the black derricks of an oil well. Gradually the fields begin to alternate with low dark pine-forests on sandy soil. The fragrance of freshly felled timber drifts into the car. We are passing an immense log-yard where thousands and thousands of moist reddish tree-trunks lie prostrate on the ground. We reach the uninterrupted plain again, where the line runs straight as a string to the horizon.

Station after station slips by. All are built in the Russian style — low, long, painted white. One of them is incredibly long. It seems endless, but deserted. Just as we pull out of it, however, I catch sight of a little group of people. Broken glass lies upon the platform glittering in the sun.

Finally the train stops again at a station with green cupolas on the roof. A large town lies a short distance away. Many passengers get out. A group stand in front of a wooden shed. They look like emigrants — the men in tall boots and Russian shirts, the women in bright-colored petticoats, with infants in their arms. Ragged boys run along the train with things to sell. They shout in shrill voices: '*Lemonyada!*' A tiny little girl calls in an oddly deep and melodious voice: '*Voda, voda!*'

During the World War a several days' battle was fought on the banks of the Vistula near Warsaw. When the Russians retreated, they took with them everything that was not nailed down. Then the Germans came and stayed more than three years. They took the copper roofs and the bells from the churches, and the knockers from the doors — in fact, everything that was nailed down, including the nails.

To-day Warsaw's west end reminds one slightly of post-war Berlin, unkempt and run down at the heels. You see the same pale faces, the same nervous haste, the same threadbare elegance in the ladies. But everyone strives arduously to be Polish. Only Polish is spoken. Cigarettes are Polish, and remind you of Berlin again because they are not filled with tobacco. Only Polish books are in the shops. The beautiful Russian Church is being torn down because it is a reproduction of St. Basil's in the Kremlin at Moscow.

I stroll through the suburb of Praga, a straggling industrial suburb of warehouses, factories, and parks. It begins to rain and I take a droshky. Praga is connected with Warsaw proper by two great bridges across the Vistula.

The roof of my droshky sags down until it almost touches my head. I bend forward and stare at the back of the driver's ragged blue overcoat. He is a typical *izvoschik* of old Holy Russia. When he leans over to hurl a curse at a worthy colleague or to give his horse an undercut with his lash you realize that he would never fall off his seat even in profound slumber. It is slow business crossing the long bridge. The vehicles form a close procession there — so close that the horses' noses are thrust against the carriages ahead. I amuse myself staring at the people in the droshkies going the other way: a young girl with an old sickly woman; a fat Jewish merchant with his hand on the edge of his cab displaying rings set with blue and green stones; a procession of drays; an empty, overdecorated hearse; a peasant's cart with a basket hanging behind, which the horse of the following wagon has seized with his teeth.

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Below on the broad smooth Vistula a steamer whistles and moves toward the centre of the stream. People wave their hands from the flat stony bank by the landing-stage. The bridge ends near the Royal Castle in the city. The Russians are said to have carried away from its plundered apartments nearly a hundred railway cars full of furniture and works of art. I leave my droshky at this point to visit the Ghetto. Poles and Jews live in a mixed community around the old market-place below the Palace. This is a great vacant square bordered by sixteenth-century burghers' houses. Half-naked, dirty children tumble underfoot. Brightly painted picture-signs — here a huge yellow pretzel, there a cow with comically human eyes — hang over the shop entrances. Polish towns must have looked this way in the old days when Poles and Cossacks wrangled on their streets and 'Jews poisoned the wells.'

The Ghetto begins in the next alley. Its dark doorways are filled with red-bearded men, and a stifling, nauseating odor reeks out of its low-ceilinged shops, where huddled people labor, eat, sleep, and traffic. The family sits inside — children, grandfathers, and women. The men, in caftans and earlocks, scurry hither and thither with bags on their backs and bundles in their hands, disputing, figuring, chaffering. Over what? None of them seems to own anything but his bundle or his bag. But if they once leave the Ghetto they get ahead rapidly. Soon they have a store, or a bank, or the Witkowitz Works, or are ruling Russia.

The East is a land of contrasts. One steps directly from the narrow alleys of the Ghetto into the most fashionable quarter of the city. He finds himself in a handsome square, one whole side of which is occupied by the great Wielki Theatre. Superimposed rows of columns adorn the façade. A large Greek relief decorates the gable wall. Ghetto and palatial theatre side by side — true symbol of the Empire of the Tsars.

I wished to go directly from Warsaw to Kovno, the capital of Lithuania; but learn that in Eastern Europe two countries nominally at peace may actually be on a war footing. The neighboring republic has no diplomatic representative at Warsaw, and I can get no visé for my passport in Poland. So there is nothing for it but to detour through East Prussia or Riga. It is more convenient to go to the latter city.

'*Prosze Pana*' and 'Zemgale' are repeated on all sides as I struggle into the packed night-train for Riga. '*Prosze Pana*' means about the same as 'Beg pardon, sir!' and accompanies every remark and every gesture that a man makes in Poland. You can even fire an employee with '*Prosze Pana.*' And Zemgale is the border station between Poland and Latvia. Everybody on the train wants to get to Zemgale, even if he has to spend the night in the corridor. Finally I get a seat in a compartment where a lady with innumerable boxes and trunks reigns supreme. She too says '*Prosze Pana,*' and 'Zemgale.'

When I awake next morning the train is pulling into Grodno. A solitary sail is visible on the Nyeman. Beyond it rises the city, perched on the high river-bank with a sky-line broken by Russian church domes. At the station of Grodno I sip for the first time a glass of boiling-hot tea — an excellent drink for winter. It burns my mouth a little, but is a most grateful pick-me-up after my uncomfortable night.

Northeastern Poland contracts to a narrow zone between Soviet Russia and Lithuania. Wooden houses and Russian churches are visible everywhere. The land is not quite so flat as farther south. It is a country of deep-cut watercourses, rolling uplands, and thick

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impenetrable forests. Here and there I see a peasant ploughing, his share glistening in the furrow when the level rays of the morning sun strike against it.

About midday we finally reach Zemgale, where we find a different language and a different money, and change to another train after a tedious, interminable delay. It was much more convenient in the days of old Holy Russia. The weather is scorching hot. Not a breath of wind moves the limp Lett flag over the wooden station. Barefooted children play around the doorway of a neighboring cottage. The red walls of the freight cars radiate heat.

In the next compartment to me sits an American who talks continually about Los Angeles in the broadest and most pungent Yankee dialect. He has just come up from Rumania or Turkey and is not at all impressed with what he has seen of our insignificant continent. Finally he does stop talking. You can hear the flies hum in the unwonted silence. Then he steps into the corridor and gazes out of the window. 'So this all belonged to Russia once? Now, that must have been a pretty fair-sized country,' he exclaims.

A. A. MILNE[1]

BY ST. JOHN ADCOCK

It is still sometimes taken for granted by very fierce students of letters that there are more intimations of literary quality in a heavy foot than in a light heart. But most of us, as we grow up, put less trust in mere solemnity, do not expect the profoundest truths to come always with looks of profundity on their faces, and are prepared to find wisdom in a jest, a real knowledge of the facts of life deftly clothed in the airiest disguise of fiction, and realize that an easy grace and charm of style, so far from being a sign of any shallowness of thinking, may mean no more than that the writer has a happy gift or has acquired a gracious art of expression that gives his thought wings to fly to many doors it would never reach if he sent it plodding afoot with nothing to help it on its way but the value of the load it carried.

I am not suggesting that such an author as A. A. Milne cunningly conveys all manner of fine teachings in everything he writes; that he never gives the rein to his fancy and takes a holiday run into lively irresponsibilities of humor. He did that frequently in his early days, when we knew him only as 'A. A. M.' of *Punch;* but often there is a sound and genially satirical commentary on life and character in those whimsical sketches, and if you have seen or read his plays — *The Truth about Blayds, The Lucky One, The Camberley Triangle,* for instance — you will know him for a realist who can, without losing his artistic lightness of touch, handle the darker problems of human experience with a bitter poignancy of feeling and a mordant irony.

[1] From the *Bookman* (London literary monthly), *December*

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A Londoner born, — and born no longer ago than 1882, — Milne went to Westminster School with a scholarship when he was eleven, and during his seven years there began to develop a taste for literature, and contributed poems, parodies, and other things to the school magazine. That his efforts were appreciated by his schoolfellows you guess from a story he has told us himself of how one day a copy of the famous Cambridge undergraduate paper, *Granta*, came to Westminster School, and while he and another boy were looking through it the other boy said gravely, 'You ought to edit this some day,' and he as gravely replied, 'I will.' This sounds, he adds, 'like the model boy who became a millionaire, and I apologize for it; but it really happened.' And, to make worse or better of it, in due course he went to Cambridge and presently did become *Granta's* editor. There was an idea in his family that when he left Cambridge he should enter the Indian Civil Service or become a schoolmaster, but neither of these professions attracted him. He was bent on a literary career, and ultimately, with enough saved from his Cambridge allowance to keep him for a year, he came to London, and, after a brief, more extravagant interval in Temple Chambers, engaged two cheap rooms in a small house at Chelsea, where he had a policeman for his landlord.

In the first year of his free-lancing he earned only twenty pounds, so you may take it that he was wrestling with the usual difficulties of the beginner and suffering the usual rejections. In the second year his earnings rose to about a hundred and twenty; in the third they averaged two hundred; and then, as he puts it, 'a surprising thing happened.' Early in 1906 Sir Francis Burnand retired from the editorship of *Punch;* Sir Owen Seaman succeeded him, and offered Milne his old post as assistant-editor. The offer was accepted, and, the need for frugal living being past, the policeman received notice that his lodger would leave him at the end of the month.

Already Mr. Milne had been an occasional contributor to *Punch*, and from thenceforward a weekly article over his initials appeared in it until the end of 1914. He made collections of these articles in *The Day's Play* (1910), *The Holiday Round* (1912), and *Once a Week* (1914), and had no sooner thus consolidated his reputation as one of the deftest and wittiest of contemporary humorists than the war was upon us and the cap and bells had to be laid aside. He resigned his assistant-editorship to join the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, and was in due course sent to France on active service. *Once a Week* did not make its appearance in America until he was out in the firing line, and he was amused by the pessimism of one American critic who closed his review with the lament that 'Mr. Milne is now in the trenches facing the German bullets, so this will probably be his last book'; but, fortunately, that Jeremiah was no prophet. The war left its mark upon 'A. A. M.'; it ripened his humor, and was responsible for certain deeper notes that are sounded in his later work; and when the end of it had come, he resolved to have done with journalism, and decided not to resume the position on *Punch* that had been kept open for him. He made two or three more books of his miscellaneous articles from that and other papers, and meanwhile broke new ground and was winning new and larger successes. But as the boy is father of the man, you will recognize that the Milne of those early books of graceful farce, laughing sentiment, and quaint fantasy was the begetter of Milne the drama-

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tist. There is in those slight, thistledown sketches the nimble dialogue, the sense of drama, and foreshadowings of the satire and ironical humor that he uses with such quiet mastery in his comedies. And for all their elusive airiness and extravagance, you suspect that as often as not these trifles have some root of fact in his own life or in the lives of his acquaintance. He did notable things at cricket and football in his youth, and is still a golfing enthusiast, and these have their place in them. If you know only a little about him, you will feel sure that his pictures of literary and domestic interest are by no means wholly imaginary; you detect a lifelikeness in them as you do in a clever caricature. Take 'The Newspaper Proprietor' in *Once a Week* — this is a burlesque that could be annotated with the names of those who played it in reality, and very seriously, in the ordinary business-world and with sober details that the article grotesquely distorts into farce. Moreover, with slight changes of circumstance, and a different set of protagonists, the same incident happened again in actual life much more recently. It is simply the narrative of a great newspaper-proprietor brooding in his office and casting about for a new stunt for his daily paper. He summons up the editor of one of his numerous minor periodicals, *Sloppy Chunks*, and summarily dismisses him because he has apologized in this week's number for a mistake made in last week's. Then he summons up Mr. Brownlow, who edits *Snippety Snips*, *The Whoop*, *The Girls' Own Aunt*, *Parings*, *Slosh*, and *The Sunday Sermon*, compliments him on the last number of *Slosh*, and appoints him editor also of *Sloppy Chunks*.

'Left alone, Hector Strong, lord of journalism and swayer of empires, resumed his pacings' — to be interrupted by a secretary who waits deferentially for half an hour till his proprietor addresses him and then announces Lady Dorothy Neal. The proprietor knows Lady Dorothy; has a romantic regard for her. She comes to tell him that a play of hers was put on the stage at the beginning of the week, and is doing so badly that the manager says it will have to come off at the end of it. '"Well," he smiled, "if people don't want to go, I can't make them."

'"Yes, you can," she said boldly.

'He gave a start. His brain working at lightning speed saw the possibilities in an instant. At one stroke he could win Lady Dorothy's gratitude, provide the *Daily Vane* with a temporary policy, and give a convincing exhibition of the power of the press.'

A eulogistic notice of her play, *Christina's Mistake*, promptly filled a column of the *Daily Vane*. 'Clubland is keenly excited,' wrote the *Evening Vane*, 'over a problem of etiquette which arises in the second act of *Christina's Mistake*, the great autumn success. The point is shortly this. Should a woman —' And so on. 'A pretty little story is going the rounds,' said *Slosh*, 'anent the charming little lady, Estelle Rito, who plays the part of a governess in *Christina's Mistake*, for which ("Manager" Barodo informs me) advance booking up to Christmas has already been taken. It seems that Miss Rito, when shopping in the purlieus of Bond Street . . .' *Sloppy Chunks* published a joke about the play that set all the world laughing. 'The *Sunday Sermon* offered free tickets to a hundred unmarried suburban girls, to which class *Christina's Mistake* might be supposed to make a special religious appeal. But they had to collect coupons first from the *Sunday Sermon*.'

So the public was stampeded into

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the theatre and the play boomed, and if the disastrous consequences to the newspaper proprietor's romance are a fictitious embroidery, the incident is as much of a transcript from life as the image you see in a concave mirror is a real reflection of yourself, with variations.

Before sailing for the front, while he was in a training camp in England, Mr. Milne and his wife lived in a cottage near the barracks, and though he had his evenings of leisure he was too tired and too out of the mood to go on writing. But there came a time when the Colonel's wife and Mrs. Milne were getting up a concert for the troops, and Milne was called upon to produce a play for the occasion. He responded by writing *Once on a Time*, the droll, delightfully fanciful fairy drama of the gallant Prince Udo, who went through glamorous and stirring adventures for the sake of a marvelously beautiful princess. There is as much humor in it as adventure. It made a fascinating book for children when it was all rewritten in prose.

The writing of *Once on a Time* served to reopen the old vein; when it was written and acted and done with he had nothing to do again in his spare hours, and began to coquet with the idea of writing a real play. 'To write a play while I was a journalist,' he says, in the preface to his *First Plays*, 'seemed to me a depraved proceeding, almost as bad as going to Lord's in the morning. I thought I could write one, — we all think we can, — but I could not afford so unpromising a gamble. But once in the army the case was altered. No duty now urged me to write. My job was soldiering, and my spare time was my own affair.' In these circumstances, and as a way of amusing himself, he planned his first serious play, and wrote *Wurzel-Flummery* — which was not serious at all, but sheer gay farce. It remained unacted for a year or two, and was produced in London in 1917, shortly after he had been invalided home from France, and it laid the foundation of his career as a dramatist. *Belinda* followed (1918), and in the same year his children's play, *Make-Believe*, with its charmingly natural story about the most attractively human children that have ever played before the footlights. Next year saw the production of that exquisitely whimsical, quaintly emotional comedy, *Mr. Pim Passes By*, which ran triumphantly here and in America, and was almost as popular in book form when he turned it into a novel. It was no wonder, then, that when the official end of the war demobilized him and he found himself a prosperous and famous playwright he had no inclination to relapse into journalism, even on *Punch*.

He has since done his one novel, *The Red House Mystery*, a good enough diversion, and eclipsed it altogether with his later dramas, *The Romantic Age*, *The Truth about Blayds*, *The Dover Road*, *The Great Broxopp*, and *Success;* and if *Broxopp* and *Blayds* are the more brilliant of these, the graciously human appeal of *The Dover Road* places it apart from rather than below them. Milne has been compared with Barrie, and though the style of each is distinctively individual, and they differ as much in method as in temperament, they have this much in common: there is no barren cynicism in their philosophy; each is a realist with a prevailing sense of humor that saves him from going blind to the kindlier, cleaner, more lovable aspects of human nature, and edges even his satire with genial laughter; and each either keeps the memory of his own childhood wonderfully alive within him, or has a most subtle insight into the simplicities and complexities of the child mind.

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Milne has used this memory or this gift of his magically in *Once on a Time*, in *Make-Believe*, last year in *When We Were Very Young*, and this year in *A Gallery of Children*. His poems and stories are written, not as if he were carefully condescending to the immature understandings of the very youthful, but with a kind of unself-conscious, irresponsible gusto, as if he believed in their and his blithe imaginings, shared their outlook on the grown-up world, and were at heart as young as themselves. What normal child would not fully agree in the decision of the small boy in 'Puppy and I'? That make-believe game of treading in the squares and never on the lines of the pavement; or the game with the nursery chairs; the ballads of the Missing Mouse, and of Mary Jane's rice pudding, and especially the one of 'Teddy Bear' who dreaded growing stout; 'At the Zoo,' 'Sand between the Toes,' and the others — all put the simple, homely, or freakish ideas and doings of childhood into the simplest possible language and set it dancing in the singing, lilting rimes that children love. My own favorite is, I think, 'Growing Up' — few of us are too sophisticated to be stirred by a reminiscent rapture at the ecstasy of the youngster in his first breeches: —

I've got shoes with grown-up laces,
I've got knickers and a pair of braces,
I'm all ready to run some races.
Who's coming out with me?

I've got a nice new pair of braces,
I've got shoes with new brown laces,
I know wonderful paddly places.
Who's coming out with me?

Every morning my new grace is,
'Thank you, God, for my nice braces:
I can tie my new brown laces.'
Who's coming out with me?

The perfect artlessness of the child is in the excited concentration on the two new possessions and the reiterated joy over them. You gather from a dedication and a preface that the verses were written for and about the author's small son, Christopher Robin Milne, 'or, as he prefers to call himself, Billy Moon,' but in effect they were written for and about every child everywhere, and are so exactly right about him that within eight months of its appearance last November *When We Were Very Young* had run through ten editions in this country alone. How many it has run through since I do not know; I hear that in the United States its reception has been even more regal. And however long the verses live, — and they won't die soon, — Mr. Ernest Shepard's illustrations will go on living, they are so just their complement, repeating pictorially what they say in words.

Mr. Milne is lucky again in the artist who illustrates his stories in *A Gallery of Children;* or the artist is lucky in her author, for sometimes the stories seem to have been inspired by the pictures, as when that of 'Miss Waterlow in Bed' starts with, 'This is Miss Waterlow in Bed'; or when that of 'Sparrow Tree Square,' with its delicately colored drawing of the Square and three dainty, quaint damsels in the foreground feeding the sparrows, begins, 'We will take the lady in green first. Her name is Diana Fitzpatrick Mauleverer James.' But it does not matter either way; what matters is that the pictures have grace and beauty and humor and character, and so have the stories. They are lighter than whipped cream, they are sometimes slenderer than a spider's web, but they catch you all the same and hold you amused and pleasantly enchanted all the while. This tale of Diana F. M. James, for instance — there is laughter in it and a thrill of surprise at the end, and it is all as neat and clever as a conjuring trick that you would like to

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do yourself but can't think how it is done.

In a word, if you like Mr. Milne's verses you will like his stories, for, though they are not rimed, they are made by the same hand, of the same material; no two are alike, but they all come from the same mint.

Indeed, if you look back at his early sketches, and over the lengthening line of his plays, you will feel that, from the first to the latest, they are linked up and related to each other by a charm of personality that gives atmosphere and color to them all. A shrewd knowledge of men and women and the general worldly wisdom that comes of experience underlie his witty dialogues, and are bitter in some episodes of his dramas, but the dominant note in everything he has written, for mature people or little folk, is a joy in all life and a spirit of youth that never survives in the foolish; for it is a mistake to suppose that men only grow wise as they grow old, and we should be nearer the mark if we said they do not grow old until they begin to take trifles too seriously, and cease to be wise.

THE TRUANT HART[1]

BY A. E. COPPARD

Monty Barlass was a farmer and a publican. Fifty easy-going years had grown him good and left him active, for he had a wife that suited him and his occupation was grand. Petty farming made him hale, and the small additional task of running The Drover Inn kept him affable.

At five o'clock one summer's morning he hoisted the window-blind of his bedroom and looked forth. Overnight it had come a storm, but now it was fine everywhere, though the wind was still at full. In front of him Peck Common, with its three or four acres of bland turf, was crisp and genial. The four ash trees were streaming with sound and casting long frail shadows over the pool of spring water in the middle. Half a dozen tile-and-flint cottages tucked themselves snug and shy between fat hedges on the far side of the common. Everything was beautiful. His wife stirred in the bed beside him.

'How are you?' he inquired. 'I 'm not so very grand, thank you,' said she. So he turned and hoisted up the blind of a window in the side wall and gazed at his barn and his shelters. Timmy Dogtrees, the boy, was already there. A horse looked over the half-door of its stall. Some calves were trailing from the sloshy croft to nibble at a defenseless stack of beans. The old sow wandered into the heifers' shed where it was dry, but they ejected her. Hens, dumpy as muffs or spindly as hawks, were bobbing about, the ducks mused in the puddles, and little porkers trotted hither and yon. Windily the trees tossed their shining foliage.

'How are you?' he said again to his wife, but she was fast asleep now, so he pulled on his breeches and went down-

[1] From the *Saturday Review* (London Tory weekly), *December 5*

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stairs, and there, having hustled into his boots, he thought of taking a peep at his garden, over behind the barn. Monty opened the yard door and stepped over a lolling dog, shouting 'Hoy' to the calves that feared him, 'Hoosh' to the pigs that did n't, and nearly spread-eagling a kitten as he avoided the hens that wanted to pick something from his boots.

Oh, what a spectacle of desolation met his sight in the garden! Misery, mortification, and madness! A long grove of kidney beans, pride of the summer and flushed with unusual pods, lay in wanton ruin, smitten and prostrate; the potato crop — its haulms had been strong as bushes and level as water — was no longer a crop, it was a bed of gall. Surely an elephant had gamboled upon it. Cabbages were torn and gnashed — in short, the whole garden had been ravished and put to grief by someone or something or other. But what? No gate was open, there was no gap in the hedge, and beyond the hedge itself there was only a great beech-wood stretching a mile or more. Not another farm for a very long way. How could a cow get in there? Whose cow? And get out again! Damage? Somebody would have to pay for the damage, and pay good and all for the damage. But who? He inquired of Timmy Dogtrees. But that boy never was any good for anything in this mortal world. Not a thing. The only thing he was any good for . . . By the skimmer of Satan, the tomato plants were all smashed too! A score of tomato plants! A hundredweight of tomatoes — two hundredweight!

At breakfast Monty stormed and Monty swore, but Mrs. Barlass said she had n't done it. She said it again at noon, too, because Monty was swearing again. Such a form of exchange Monty never excelled in; it left him conversationally confuted, dumb.

'But if I had my way . . . ' continued Mrs. Barlass.

'Ah, what would you do, ma'am?' There was relief in sarcasm.

'I 'd watch out for them.'

'Watch out! And what would you? And why, and where, and who, and how? Find out! Here 's my damage and I can't odds it. I shall never find that out, I do not suppose.'

Mrs. Barlass — the handsome woman she was, with brooches and plump pink fingers! — was then called out to the bar to attend to a butcher who had blown his nose very deliberately and distinctly there, but Mrs. Barlass wanted nothing of him that day, so, 'Good morning, ma'am,' he said.

In came Willie Waugh for a pint or so before she could return to her dinner, and when Monty heard who it was he took Waugh into the garden and showed him the destruction, the greens, the beans, the potatoes, tomatoes, celery, and peas — the whole agglomeration of riot and savagery. Willie Waugh was a sturdy, somewhat dissolute-looking man — but you cannot condemn a man for his appearance, even when he does call a spade a spade. An old conical hat he had on, and an old comical coat with sleeves too long for him, and sometimes his cottage was called The Poacher's Rest.

Willie tilted his conical hat and scratched his gray hair.

'That's a tidy come-up!' he said.

'A cow, I reckon?' Mr. Barlass suggested.

Willie shook his head. 'No. I 'll tell you. A deer done that. Two or three, perhaps.'

'What do you say — deer?'

'There's often some of 'em knocking about the 'ood, escaped from Lord Camovers's park. That 's a deer, Monty, right enough. See, it lep in over the hedge by that elm tree,' — Willie waved his pipe about as he

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pointed out the signs, — 'and that 's the way it went back, too.'

Well, so Monty went off to interview Lord Camovers's keeper, and the keeper said he could not do anything, but that if Monty ever did see a deer in his garden he was to be sure and shoot it. Mr. Barlass told Willie Waugh of this. 'Righto! We 'll lay for him, to-night, eh?' said Willie.

So that night, a beautiful soft smooth night, Monty took his gun and Willie took his, and they crept out into the garden.

'If you sees him, Monty, let him have it under the forelegs.'

They made themselves snug behind two or three trusses of hay, where they could watch the elm tree and be comfortable, with a big jar of beer, devilish near a gallon, and some bread and cheese. But they dared not speak and they dared not smoke, and so, by and by, although it was two or three coats colder, Monty heaved up a sigh and began to snore. Willie nudged him awake. 'Lord, that won't do, Monty!' And he gave him a sup of beer. A lovely night it was, past one o'clock, with stars in the contented heavens, and everything quiet except for the mice in the hedge, and not too dark except for the forest, and that was as black as ever and ever amen. And there was Monty snoring again.

'Give over!' hissed Willie Waugh, 'that deer 'd hear you in kingdom come.'

Monty roused up again for a while, and Willie lay with his gun cocked, listening like a man whose hope of eternity depended on his ears. And what did he hear? Nothing. At least, nothing but Monty snoring long trajectory snores, or whirligig snores, snores of anguish and fury and joy, high and low, a terrific diapason.

'So help me Solomon!' groaned Willie, 'I 'm off.' And home he went, leaving Monty snoring to the dawn.

The next night they tried again, but it was all the same — Monty was overcome, and Willie had to leave him to it. Willie was incensed, and the day after that, when he went across to see Monty, he said so.

'I 'm surprised at you! No deer 'd come 'ithin a hundred mile. . . . S'elp me, why you . . . not of a snore like that. Oh my, you gave it a good 'un . . . not 'less he was mad. He 'd skip like the hind legs of a flea. Now if you waunts to ketch a deer this-a-ways I tell you what we 've to do. Have you got any wire? Lots of it?' Yes, Monty had got bushels of wire: 'What sort?'

'Any plain stranded wire?'

'I got some fencing wire.'

'Thass it; thass the very hammer.'

'But what are you thinking of, Willie Waugh?'

'Ha, ho! There 's more in my jelly-knot than any lawyer ever knew! I waunt about half a chain of it.'

'What you want it for?'

'Or ever will know, Monty!'

'What are you going to do with it?'

'You would n't believe it if I was to tell you, Monty.'

'Well, I 'm damned if I believes it if you don't.'

Then Willie told him he was going to set a snare for that deer, just the same as he would set a wire for a rabbit, only bigger. Monty swore. It was foolish. It could n't be done. 'Give me the wire,' said Willie Waugh. And he gave him the wire, and Willie made a loop of this strong wire, the same as he would for a rabbit, but much larger, and set it nice and artful over the hedge by the elm tree just where he fancied the deer would leap, and bound the end of it round the elm tree, with plenty of play on it too, twenty feet or more.

'He won't have it,' commented Monty.

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'He will,' said Willie, 'you see!'

They set the snare toward evening, and really, Monty began to think, it looked good and reasonable.

'You can snore the lumps out of a flock bed to-night, Monty. Oh my . . . s'elp me, well . . . no more of that canter in the garden. And in the morning, please God, we shall see.' So that 's how they left it.

Well, Willie Waugh got up early in the morning, very early he got up, and took his gun and walked across to The Drover. He could n't hear anything when he got to the garden, but he cocked his gun, crept warily to the hedge, and peeped over. And believe it or believe it not, you, but there was a great stag deer lying there among the greenery. Stone dead it was, with the wire taut round its skull. 'Poor creature!' murmured Waugh. It had dashed both its antlers off; it must have gone mad when it felt the thong, for it had been rushing at the tree, gouging out great pieces of the bark. Its horns lay there, and the garden was in a worse cantription than before. But when Willie called and told Monty, Monty was very glad, and he said Willie could have the deer for himself and take it away and make what he could on it.

The day was a Friday, and Willie had a job of work to do, so he could not take the deer away then, but next day he and Monty and Timmy heaved it up into Willie's cart, and away drove Willie to a town half a dozen miles off for to sell it to a butcher. But the butcher would not buy it. Willie went to another, but he would not buy it either. Not a butcher in that town would buy the deer off Willie Waugh. 'Oh dear!' said Willie to the last of them. 'That 's a tidy come-up. Look here, will you skin it and dress it for me, so I can sell the joints the best I can?' Yes, the butcher said he could do that for him; but he could not do it that day, being Saturday and a busy day with him; and he could not do it on a Sunday, because it was not fitting; but if Willie would leave the carcass with him he would prepare it and have it ready by Monday midday. 'That 'ull do, that 'ull do well.' And Willie drove homeward, thinking over the names of all the folk he could sell a piece to, and calculating that he could make nearly enough out of it to buy the pony a set of harness.

Monday comes, and he drives again to the butcher. By ginger, that was a hot day! He threw off his coat as he jogged along, and he had a pint at The Golden Ball and another at The Load of Fagots. The butcher took him into his killing-shed and showed him the carcass of the deer, beautifully dressed, a fine beast, so fat that you could not see its kidneys. But it was a very queer color all over. Very queer. Already it was black, extraordinarily black. 'Yes,' explained the butcher, 'that 's where you were wrong. You should have pouched him and let his innards out. Directly he was dead. That 's where you were wrong. Always have the innards out first thing.'

'He smells queer,' commented Willie, as they were laying the deer in the cart. 'Oh, it 's good honest meat,' the butcher assured him. Willie covered it up with a clean sack, paid the butcher his dues, and set toward home again. It was so hot that he could not keep from sweating, nohow, and the flies were most cruel; in fact, when he got down at The Dog and Partridge there was a great cloud of flies following his cart, a regular cloud. The landlady of The Dog and Partridge came out to inspect the carcass, but what with its color, its smell, and the flies, she declared that she really could not fancy a portion of it. The same at The Load of Fagots, and the same at The Golden Ball.

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Nobody fancied it, and, by the time he arrived at Peck Common, Willie Waugh was of like mind himself, although he was always very hearty with his food.

'It 's gone already,' he exclaimed despondently. The flies were like ten hives of bees and swarming on his cart. 'It 's too far gone.' They could not put up with it in the house. His wife said, 'Oh dear, no.' 'I shall have to bury it,' sighed Willie, and he tipped the carcass out on the common and covered it with straw and piled fagots upon it. He told his wife to cut off the best portions and boil it for the hens, and for days he offered lumps of it, free, to his neighbors for the same purpose, but they fought shy of it even for that. Dogs had been chivying the remains, and every person that poked his nose into the air of that common observed that there was something about that would be better elsewhere. All except Mother Dogtrees, Timmy's great-aunt. She helped herself to a fairish portion; indeed, you might say that she had a very nice fore-quarter of that deer. 'Come again, Rose, and don't spare it,' said Willie Waugh to her. 'You get on with it.'

Rose Dogtrees had a grateful soul, and she wanted to offset Willie's kindness with a trifle of her own. So one evening when he came across from The Drover after dark he found Mrs. Dogtrees waiting at his house for him. Being a very neat-handed cook, she had baked a nice little pie for supper and had brought it along for him and his wife. 'Heigh up!' he cried. 'There was no call for you to do that, Rose. It 's very kind of you. Sit down and eat along of us.' And he pulled a large bottle of beer from his pocket. They cut the pie in three. It was a sin to cut such a wonder of a pie, so smart it was, so sweet it was, with a crusty rose on top and four diamond leaves, and cunning little notches all round the edge. They cut the pie in three and fell to.

'By cram, this is lovely!' cried Willie. 'Crust as light as love, and the meat 's like cream.'

'It is, truly,' said Mrs. Waugh. Her name was Ivy. She was a Baxter from Smoorton Comfrey. 'It is indeed.'

'Ha, you like it!' cackled old Mother Dogtrees.

'I could eat this for a fortnight, ma'am, and much obliged to you.'

'No thanks to me,' replied the old woman; 'it 's your own meat in it.'

'My meat?' said Willie.

'Your venison.'

'My venison?' echoed Willie.

'Yes, that old deer. You gave me a piece last week.'

'But that deer!' He was almost awestruck. 'But God bless us, Rose, it lay out on the common for a week! Thass so. I could n't face it, and no more I could n't stand it! Why, God bless us,' — he swallowed a few more ounces, — 'it 's beautiful! And we bin a-chucking it to the fowls!'

'More fool you!'

'Thass right. Ho, ho! That 's right, Rose.'

'Why, it 's kings' meat!'

'Thass right. And I never tasted anything so beautiful in my life,' cried Willie, 'never! But I tell ye — I knew he was a good 'un. You could n't see his kidneys for fat. There now. And we bin a-giving it to the hens.'

'I never give mine,' laughed Rose.

'Ah, well, there . . . save me Solomon . . . has it all gone, mother?' he asked his wife. Yes, it was all gone now, every bit of it. Might have brought him pounds even now if only people had n't been so foolish and he so hasty. Pounds! That pony's harness was very weak and withering. Still, the hens had fattened. And Monty might stand him something when he heard

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the fatal news. 'Fill up glasses,' he said; 'yours too, Rose.' Willie Waugh lifted his own glass. 'Well, I 'm not a chapel-going feller, never was. I never said a prayer in my life (did I, Ivy?); but here 's to God Almighty who allus sends us a good harvest — '

'Amen,' whispered Mrs. Dogtrees.

' — and my daily drop,' added he.

Oh, Willie Waugh was a rough chap; he liked hearty food, and he called a spade a spade; that was his hobby.

PERFECT MOMENTS[1]

BY LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE

'YES, my dear, I tell you, it was a Perfect Moment!'

The lady was moved; more than you would have thought possible in a person of her superb decorum; far too deeply moved to attend to my modest requirements, until the other superbly decorous lady had sufficiently relished the story. A glance put me in my place. I was not a passenger demanding refreshment, I was an inopportune and (I felt) distinctly undersized intruder into the private affairs of two important ladies. Nothing for it but to wait; and anyhow, this was the Great Western Railway: the train was sure to be late.

But the story was at its climax. 'Yes! No explanations this time, and no back doors neither — not on your life! There they stood, and there was I. "How do you do?" I says; and, my dear, you 'd never believe what a sheep he looked. "Caught this time!" I says. And did either of them say a word? Not a single word! It could n't have been better if it had been done on the stage. It was just a Perfect Moment.'

Clearly. Whatever all this was about, there was no mistaking the lady's gusto, especially as it spilled a good quarter of the half-pint she at length slapped down on the bar in front of me. And then the way she tossed my coppers into the till! Clearly, she was still living in that Perfect Moment of hers — living in it and reveling in it.

She gave me something to think about. But I had got into my train, and the engine was at full speed, and I was only just becoming aware of my sole fellow traveler, before I realized precisely what it was she had given me to think about. These Perfect Moments, I was saying, these brief, dazzling gleams that come sparkling into our lives and absorb our whole consciousness in a single unquestioning delight, and leave us incalculably enriched with their distinct and shining images, and the remembered sense of what it is to live, though but for an instant, beyond the reach of dissatisfaction — what dead stuff life would be without them! And what wretched stuff this whimsical life of ours chooses to fasten on for its Perfect Moments! '"Caught this time!" I says'; the voice of the superbly decorous lady rang in my ears. Oh, she was wholly beyond the reach of dissatisfaction then, I went on. And how many of us

[1] From the *Manchester Guardian* Weekly Supplement (Independent Liberal daily), *December* 2

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find our rare ecstasies of blissful absorption in the Perfect Moment on just such a level as hers! How many of us get our glimpses of the Empyrean from the common nonsense of life, instead of from the upper regions of philosophy and beauty and nobility!

Now when a person asks, How many of us do so-and-so? it's a hundred to one his meaning is that he himself is one of the few to whom such a question would be quite superfluous. Anyway, it was just when I got to asking myself that question that I began to be aware of my sole fellow traveler. He sat in the diagonally opposite corner; and his face seemed to have been at some time of his life submitted to great vertical pressure; at least, when he brought up his lower jaw the distance from his chin to the root of his nose was almost negligible; and from in between these two points sprouted, or rather spouted, the hairs of an electrified moustache. And his nose was preternaturally long and slender, and protruded like an index finger; and he was eating sandwiches, with a great champing, up and down, of his lower jaw. And as he champed he looked steadfastly out of the window; and at every champ the end of his nose moved up and down. I mean, it moved most distinctly and conspicuously. It moved not only in exact sympathy with, but exactly commensurably with, the machining of his jaw; I watched the tip of his nose describing, against the windowpane, the sector of a considerable circle. It was like the tail of a wagtail.

The Perfect Moment! Not a doubt of it. Nothing more perfect had ever happened to me in my life than the sight of that chewing nose. And the radiance of the moment is still with me. Well, we cannot help ourselves. We do not choose our Perfect Moments; they choose us. And however earnestly we train ourselves to live on the heights, they will not always concern themselves with our lofty aspirations. At least, that is what I find. I have had Perfect Moments that I would willingly confess to in the most serious and enlightened society. For instance, it is a defect in the constitution of this world that one can hear the Seventh Symphony for the first time only once. I know too well, from many occasions of bitter self-reproach, that I might have found myself saying, when the introduction danced off into the allegro: 'How lovely! How too delicious! Could anyone have believed it?' But I did n't say anything at all. I simply existed in delight that did not need to say anything, that could not say anything, that was nothing but me listening to an unspeakable tune. Neither did the Perfect Moment pass me by the first time I saw, from the height of Arenig, the towering snow of Eryri.

I can be eloquent about such moments as these. But then — the moments that should have been perfect, and were n't! And, what I ought to keep darker still, the moments that should not have been perfect, and were! But what is one to do? One lovely summer evening I had bicycled down that enchanted road cut halfway up the Malvern Hills, with the English Arcady — I mean, of course, Herefordshire — gleaming up at me through the sunlit haze (and, by the way, it is all downhill); and I had got off for a rest and a drink outside that hotel which, as far as situation goes, is the nearest thing I am likely to find to the hotels of Paradise. Everything was right for a Perfect Moment — everything, if I had been the chooser! But I was n't; and the proof of it was that, shambling round the corner, came three dreadful comic men — loathsome, leering men; men beneath contempt; men with trousers made out of curtains, wearing imbecile hats; erect vermin. One had

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done his face with whitewash, one with brickdust, one with burned cork. They stood in front of me, between me and that adorable Herefordshire. Slouching clumsily in, before the innumerable sunlit counterpoint of miles and miles of visibly melodious Herefordshire hills, these comic brutes began their music, one with a banjo, one with the bones, one with a hoarse, knowing bray — how a certain man had some painting to do on the dome of St. Paul's, and in the midst of his painting fell off the dome: 'and I don't suppose he'll paint again for months and months and months.'

Abysmal vulgarity! Inconceivable idiocy! Why did I not spit in their faces, stone them from me? Why? Because my whole being went out to them! Did they suit my mood? Not that I was aware of. But they gave me what sunset over Herefordshire could not give me — they gave me a Perfect Moment. Or was it, perhaps, that Herefordshire was altogether too much what it ought to have been, and they with their hideous urbanity made an exquisitely excruciating discord?

I begin to wonder, though, what my books would say, supposing they could speak and an absolute sincerity were imposed on them. I like to score with my pencil the things that take me, but how many of these have really been my Perfect Moments, and how many have I marked because I knew they ought to have been Perfect Moments? I decline to say; I decline even to ask myself the question — because I know it is one that might be answered. But I am sure of this — the sublimities of the art of Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, and Keats have, I do believe, given me more lavishly, but not, I equally believe, more securely, Perfect Moments than the imbecilities of literature: Lavater, for example, comparing the physiognomy of fishes and lions, much to the advantage of the lions; or Dr. Caius, in his treatise of 'Englishe Dogges,' classifying house dogs into those which 'barcke only with free and open throate but will not bite,' those 'which doe both barcke and byte,' and those 'which bite bitterly before they barcke.' 'The first are not greatly to be feared . . . the second are daungerous, it is wisedome to take heede of them . . . the thirde are deadly. . . .'

But how does this bear on the Principles of Criticism? I think we have come to the point when the doctrine of the Perfect Moment had better be dropped. There is something a little disturbing in it; it is both too equalizing and too discriminating — and neither in what Mrs. Petulengro called the certificated line.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

THE MOTHER OF LEONID ANDREEV

RIMMA ANDREEV, the sister of the Russian writer, has published a letter in the monthly *Rossia* in which she gives an interesting sketch of Andreev's mother. Of her six children, all of whom she loved dearly, Leonid seems to have been by far the most indispensable to her. 'When I learned of my brother's death,' the sister writes, 'knowing mother's inordinate love for him, I feared that she would not survive him. And indeed, the night after his death she attempted suicide, hanging herself near his deathbed. She was rescued, blue in the face and hardly alive, and kept under close surveillance. This is what she wrote to us: "Dearest children . . . He was the whole world to me, and when I lost him I lost everything. I did not think I could survive him — and so it happened. Only your absence and the reproaches of others who said that I must live for you, that I ought to be ashamed of myself, keep me here. . . ." And again, in a month's time: "My dearest children, I remained in life only for your sake: my conscience would n't allow me . . . I am very lonely; the people here have left for abroad, and I shall stay alone. . . . I am afraid I shall be blind from tears and shall never see you again."

'And in fact she died without having seen us again.

'Before Leonid's coffin was closed, mother wrote a small note and put it into his pocket. What she wrote there remained a secret. But we knew her way of writing small notes to him whenever he happened to hurt her feelings unwittingly. The chapel where the corpse was temporarily deposited was at a distance from the house, in a dense park. Every day for a whole month, regardless of storm and rain, she went there and read to her son aloud from the newspapers and books she received. Often our friend Mrs. F——, calling for her to take her home, used to find her lying unconscious near the coffin; but it was impossible to dissuade her from going there. Finally, when her health and mind were greatly endangered, she was forcibly taken away from Neivolo; but shortly before that, so another friend tells us, she burst into her house with an English paper in her hands, saying: "They tell me here is a telegram with expressions of sympathy for me. Translate it to me quickly! How shall I read it to him tomorrow, since I cannot read English?" She could not be quieted down until the message was translated to her.

'Before long Leonid's widow left Neivolo with her children. But mother would not leave the place. She moved over into a small house and stayed there entirely alone. This was near Leonid's deserted home, in which — in his study — she arranged a sort of shrine. She fastened his picture to the back of the armchair in which he used to sit at his desk, adorned it with flowers, gathered his books and letters on the desk, and would come there every day to pray and speak to the son who, for her, remained alive. She could not bring herself to leave the

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place: "My dear Rimma," she wrote to me, "sympathize with me — and all of you, children. Think, I had six of you, and now only three remain, and those I do not see. My anguish is greater than I can tell you. . . . The whole world is dark to me. In the house every single thing reminds me of him. Every day I go to his study and weep bitterly. . . ."

'Thus she lived for a year and three months, and died alone. How she met death, whether she struggled against it or not, is unknown. Neighbors who came to call on her once found her dead on the floor. The physician who was called in found that death followed heart-failure; but it remained uncertain why she had traces on her neck that looked as if she had been partially strangled. Perhaps she struggled with lack of breath.'

✻

CONTRA SHAW

Bernard Shaw is to-day so unmistakably the most popular of British playwrights, at home and abroad, — if not indeed the most popular European comic dramatist, — that an observer has to remind himself with something of an effort that this wide acceptance is a comparatively recent thing, and that fifteen years ago the cult of Shaw was largely an esoteric one. Of *ten* years ago, of the period of the war, the less said now the better. If ever a man of letters renewed himself like the phœnix from the ashes of an apparently final unpopularity, that man was Bernard Shaw. At the moment there is hardly a dissenting note in the chorus of acclamation.

The only such note we have been able to overhear is one raised by the German poet and playwright, Herbert Eulenberg, who has lately published a little book entitled *Against Shaw*. None of Eulenberg's objections to the great man is essentially different from those that used to be raised in the old days when *Widowers' Houses* was a recent play and critics saw only an unimaginative skeptic in the author of *Arms and the Man*. But the tone of the German censor's criticism is pretty clearly colored by the knowledge that he is writing, not against an upstart from the Fabian Society, but against that international figure, the author of *Saint Joan* (*Sainte Jeanne*, *Die Heilige Johanna*, *Santa Giovanna*, and so forth).

What Eulenberg chiefly protests against is the very general acceptance of Shaw as substantially a poet working in prose drama (conceive such a protest in 1902!). But he objects also to the familiar comparison of Shaw with Swift; to Shaw's iconoclastic treatment of such historical characters as Cæsar and Napoleon; to 'his denial of the heroic element in human nature' (has Eulenberg read *Man and Superman* or *Saint Joan* itself?); to his journalistic methods; to his intellectual arrogance.

On all these heads, however, remarks the dramatic critic Bernhard Diebold in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, Eulenberg is quarreling rather with the Shaw legend than with Shaw himself, and failing to appreciate him as 'the most inventive comic writer in Europe to-day, a journalist of genius, and a man of the most exceptional human insight.' Diebold admits that the estimate of Shaw as a poet is a mistaken one, and that it is an artistic blunder for him to combine, in his depiction of characters like Napoleon, an iconoclastic technic with an essentially didactic purpose. But this writer feels that Eulenberg has betrayed his own lack of penetration by failing to perceive Shaw's real endowment of humor.

'The author of this book,' he says, 'gives, as an example of the facility

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with which a typical Shavian scene can be written, a parody on Alexander the Great, and also a scene showing Shaw's ludicrous entrance into Elysium. But no one could possibly laugh over these somewhat heavy-handed skits. Shaw's sketches invariably evoke the richest Homeric laughter. This suggests a radical difference in the methods of production. The Shavian Muse evidently does n't appear so readily to order. Eulenberg will not find it easy to account for this, and the trade secret appears to be still in the possession of the Shavian workshops.'

✤

MUSIC AND THE MOVIES

THE director of the large orchestra — it numbers seventy-five musicians — at the new Ufa cinema theatre in Berlin is a young Hungarian-American musician, Ernö Rappée, who has well-defined ideas about the rôle of music and the orchestra in the movies. He gives utterance to some of these in an interview with a reporter for *Vossische Zeitung*. Of the four million inhabitants of Berlin, Mr. Rappée reckons that no more than three quarters of a million, at an excessive estimate, attend the opera or concerts during any one season — and 'are the other three and a quarter million to hear no music, no real music? Must they be limited to barrel-organs, gramophones, jazz-bands, and piano-thumping?'

Yet practically all these people, continues the musician, go to the movies, and not only are willing to listen to a small amount of music in the intervals between films, but are positively entertained by that kind of variety. 'Here at the Ufa cinema,' furthermore, 'the audience hears only really good music, composed by first-class artists. We play only short passages — a trio, an aria, an overture; for longer pieces would tire people who are not used to listening. In this way a family of five persons, for only a little more than one concert-ticket would cost, hear two or three excellent pieces of music and see two films and a vaudeville act besides. Anyone whose interest has been aroused by what he has heard can hear the whole piece at an opera house or concert hall. His taste has been awakened.' By such devious methods do the apostles of culture achieve their ends!

✤

TO ENCOURAGE NATIVE ART IN ARGENTINA

REPRESENTATIVE José Guillermo Bertotto, says *La Acción*, has presented to the Chamber of Deputies of Argentina the project of a law providing for the following measures to assist the development of native arts: an annual premium of five thousand pesos for a work on native dances, music, and songs, the value of the work to be estimated by a special jury; an appropriation of five thousand pesos for organizing public conferences on folklore; an appropriation of five thousand pesos to the Argentine Institute of Literature for the publishing of materials on folklore that would be sent free of charge to anyone upon request; subsidies to commercial corporations that would agree to reproduce correctly popular dances, songs, and other native music.

✤

THE METEOROLOGICAL DRAMA

MR. HORACE HODGES, the theatrical manager, is gloomy about the state of the drama in the great provincial cities of England. And not entirely without reason. 'A business man,' he told the theatre correspondent of the *Morning Post*, 'said to me the other day in Liverpool, "I'm not coming to

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see your play. Hate gloomy plays." "But," I said, "*Lightnin'* is n't a gloomy play; it's rather funny." "Oh, is it?" he said. "I thought it was like *Rain*."'

*

BEN JONSON IN PARIS

IT looks as if Ben Jonson were coming into his own. Two English scholars, Messrs. Simpson and Herford, have recently published the first two volumes of their scholarly definitive edition of his works — the first since that of Gifford, more than a hundred years ago. And now word comes from Paris that one of his best comedies, *The Silent Woman*, has been adapted by a French playwright, Marcel Achard, and produced with considerable success. It is probably the first time that a play of 'Rare Ben's' has been shown to a modern French audience. A critic in *Comœdia* observes that he was obliged to explain to his Italian neighbor that Ben Jonson was neither an Algerian nor a Maltese, but a great poet whose chief misfortune was that he lived and worked at the same time as Shakespeare. Yet it is perfectly credible that as a playwright he will have better luck with French audiences than Shakespeare has ever had. There is a vein of wholly unromantic comic clarity in Ben Jonson that is not hopelessly far from what is called Gallic irony.

*

BOLSHEVIKI AS PLAYWRIGHTS

THE Russian Commissar of Education, A. V. Lunacharski, is also a playwright. A play of his entitled *The Liberated Don Quixote* has recently been produced in Berlin and very favorably received. It portrays the compassionate and idealistic Don Quixote who is stirred by the misery of the world and becomes a revolutionary leader. He overthrows a brutal régime in order to replace it by one of benevolence, truth, and mildness. He finds, however, that his dreams are not realized, since his followers only turn the new régime once again into one of brutality and violence, and finally banish him.

The moral seems to be the somewhat counter-revolutionary one that violence begets violence, and that the work of all revolutions is intrinsically unstable.

*

UNWILLIN' DESCENDANTS OF BARKIS

A PROPOSAL was recently made in the Yarmouth Council to give the names of Dickens characters to roads in a new residence-division to be opened there. A committee recommended these names: Dickens Avenue, Steerforth Avenue, Copperfield Avenue, Peggotty Road, Barkis Road. The last name in the list would appear to be harmless enough for any Solon, but Councilor J. Salmon strongly objected to a road being given the name of Barkis, whom he described as 'a silly old pup' and 'a drunken old rascal whose nose was painted red.' Councilor Goode, on the other hand, remarked that if Mr. Salmon would read his *David Copperfield* again he would find Barkis a very harmless old fellow.

With considerably more cogency, Alderman Ferrier declared that Steerforth was by no means a desirable name to perpetuate in the town. '*Tout connaître est tout pardonner*, no doubt,' observes the *London Mercury*, supporting him, 'but even the enthusiast for letters, unless a member of the Satanic School, would prefer not to live in Quilp Avenue, Jonas Chuzzlewit Square, Pandarus Road, Tigg Street, Iago Place, Uriah Heep Mansions, or Joseph Surface Terrace.'

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BOOKS ABROAD

The Life of Benito Mussolini, by Margherita G. Sarfatti. London: Thornton Butterworth; New York: Frederick A. Stokes. $5.00.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

SIGNORA SARFATTI was a member of the staff of the *Popolo d'Italia*, and shared in the numerous and exciting journalistic adventures that marked the progress of Mussolini's mind. She is, therefore, well fitted, by community of work and outlook and by opportunities of observation, to interpret the story of her hero. She tells it in tones of ardent admiration. She makes no attempt at consecutive narrative, but hops hither and thither, like a sparrow, from the sprigs of his childhood to the trunk of maturity and back again in a haphazard but unfailing ecstasy of admiration. The effect she achieves is not a chronological record but a representation of the development of the mind and political ideas of Italy's Dictator. Her book, in fact, is a running commentary upon a career the chief incidents of which are presumed to be within everybody's knowledge; and, as a summary of the influences and experiences which have worked upon a temperament of singular power and tenacity of purpose, it is extremely interesting. All the more so because the author enables us to see how the man has risen superior to his environment and known how to profit by adversities that might well have crushed a less ardent spirit.

Myself Not Least, by 'X.' London: Butterworth. 21*s*.

[*Saturday Review*]

THERE is a fashion at present for anonymous reminiscences; and, whatever else 'X.' may be, he is always keen to be in the fashion. His publisher assures us that his pseudonym conceals 'one of the wittiest and vividest personalities of the time and a name that has long been familiar in literary, journalistic, political, and social circles.' He has certainly known many interesting people, and we have no doubt that he was 'honored of them all' — at any rate they unbosomed themselves to him freely enough to make his lively writing full of matter. 'X.' has come in contact with most of the other letters of the alphabet, from Alfonso through Mussolini to Zita, and the conversations which fill a great part of his pages are very readable. Politics have always been his supreme interest. He admired Lord Randolph Churchill when he was a young man, and ends his book with enthusiastic praise of Mr. Winston Churchill. He has traveled a great deal, and his account of the political circuses and roughriders of the Balkans is specially interesting. He came into close touch with Ferdinand the Fox, as well as with Nicholas of Montenegro, who he thinks was very badly treated by our Government. The pen-portrait of Charles of Austria makes him out a very perfect gentleman, but shows that he was lacking in the authoritative driving power that might have bound composite Austria to him.

The chapters on Mussolini and d'Annunzio are well worth reading. The best of all the sketches in the book is that of the late Wilfrid Blunt, that romantic creature who plunged 'X.' into 'the maelstrom of Irish politics,' and thus enabled him to depict many of the leading figures in Ireland, down to the present day, including the President of the Free State. 'X.' himself seems to be an engaging person, freely influenced by the likes and dislikes which he frankly records; and though some of his stories are not quite so new as he seems to think, and some of his judgments may be misleading, his book will entertain almost all who take it up to beguile an idle hour.

The Pilgrim of Eternity: Byron, a Conflict, by John Drinkwater. London: Hodder and Stoughton; New York: George H. Doran Company. $5.00.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

NOTHING that Mr. Drinkwater has hitherto done altogether prepares us for this book. He has given us noble and impressive dramatic portraits of other 'Pilgrims of Eternity' whose pilgrimages immersed them in 'Conflicts' that play a yet larger part in the history of the world than Byron's. But his *Lincoln*, however creative in detail, was built upon the data already provided by an authentic biography. And his *Cromwell* scarcely escapes the historian's criticism that, even as drama, it is too summarily disengaged from the tangled complexity of the recorded facts. No such criticism could occur to the reader of the present volume. Mr. Drinkwater is not concerned to draw an attractive literary portrait of Byron, or to exploit his biographic record with delicate selective art for a quasi-novel like M. Maurois's *Ariel*, not to speak of a quasi-opera like his own recent *Burns*. A very living portrait does indeed emerge. But it is a product of the scien-

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tific historian's laboratory rather than of the artist's studio; brush and palette are strictly subordinated to the scalpel of the analyst, and narrative sequence to the weighing of evidence and the discussion of opposed contentions. Mr. Drinkwater does not profess (who could?) to have read everything that has been written about Byron, but he has read everything that Byron wrote and the whole of the 'sources' of his biography, old and new. His book is, no doubt, a vindication of Byron both as a poet and as a man; but it is a vindication that extenuates nothing, admits gross lapses, and pleads for a more favorable interpretation of ambiguous passages only after patient survey of the whole ground of dispute.

For the rest, Mr. Drinkwater's Byron has sins enough to reckon with. But his biographer brings to him the large sympathy of a poet who, instead of apologizing for the defects that he yet clearly condemns, accepts them as elements in the complex but large and heroic build of his character.

Experiments, by Norman Douglas. London: Chapman and Hall; New York: McBride. $2.50.

[*Observer*]

No one should neglect this book of Mr. Douglas's because it happens to consist, for the most part, of reprinted articles. It is true the book has no unity except that provided by Mr. Douglas's own mordant, witty temperament; but only the hypercritical will desire any more capable link than that. The bitterest and in some ways the best thing in the book is a mere occasional article; but it is the kind of occasional article that Swift might have written. Its occasion is Mr. D. H. Lawrence's introduction to Magnus's *Memoirs of the Foreign Legion*. Mr. Douglas neatly, blandly, effectively pinks Mr. Lawrence in as many vulnerable spots as he possesses, and that means an amount of pinking that should satisfy the most particular. It seems an unnecessary addition to the punishment to insert, by the way, a desire for the revival of dueling.

Of the other eleven essays and sketches the best are those on Edgar Allan Poe, that called an 'Intellectual Nomadism,' and the fascinating account of Charles Waterton, the naturalist, the man who stood on the top of the angel on the Mole of Hadrian in Rome. Mr. Douglas's interest in human character, human whimsicality, is inexhaustible. He is a cynic, but a cynic whose professions of hatred and contempt induce very little belief in the reader — they are a pose sometimes unamiable, sometimes amusing, and serve to keep warm and ready those fires of indignation which he can, at times, blow to so fierce a flame. In his literary judgments Mr. Douglas is nearly always unexpected, and often illuminating. No one would say that Mr. Douglas's range was wide, or his judgment on the more usual things of great literature unlikely to be perverse; but we have many sound critics, and it is refreshing for a change to meet one who is not afraid to be fantastic and opinionated.

Prisoners, by Franz Molnar. London: Duckworth. 6*s*.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

THE inexorable nature of a passion that releases the mind from merely circumstantial thought, abrogates duty, and sacrificially justifies its own lawlessness, is described with fine actuality in *Prisoners*, by Franz Molnar, the well-known Hungarian author, and from a symbolic background it gains intensity. To the pleasant residential quarter of the great prison at Budapest Nicholas Chathy, a young advocate, hastens to meet Lenke, the daughter of the governor, and to resume, among gloomy surroundings, an idyllic friendship that seems destined to flower into marriage. He tells his prospective father-in-law of his first brief. Riza Nafy, a shopgirl in a *pâtisserie* frequented by Nicholas, a provincial girl with a disreputable past, has been arrested, and Sebfi, a penniless actor, hopelessly infatuated with her despite her cruel contempt, prevails on the new lawyer to defend her from the charge of theft. To Nicholas, who has undertaken his first case with much self-consciousness, the girl in despair suddenly reveals her love for him. She had in fact stolen in order to gain, by an expensive dress, his eye. The surprised Nicholas, secure in his placid affection for the simple trusting Lenke, endeavors to appease the girl with platitude and restrain her wildness by professional severity. She refuses to allow the missing money to be replaced. In making a dramatic speech for the defense, Chathy suddenly realizes that he is in passionate unison of mind with the defendant, and that in the emotional confinement of thought there is a higher liberty. Objective treatment and the skillfully contrasted hysteria of the histrionic Sebfi maintain a firm central balance, hardly to be suggested in a mere recount.

*

BOOKS MENTIONED

MILNE, A. A. *A Gallery of Children*. Illustrated by H. Willebeek Le-Mair. London: Stanley Paul; Philadelphia: David Mackay. $3.50.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

The Life and Letters of Anton Chekov. Translated and edited by S. S. Koteliansky and Philip Tomlinson. New York: George H. Doran Company, 1925. $6.00.

Except for a short biographical note and two articles on his works by his brother, this book consists of extracts from the letters of Chekov chronologically arranged and extending from his seventeenth year to his death. There has been included a large amount of literary discussion and some interesting explanations of his plays. Extensive omissions do occur, but in spite of them a picture of the author emerges from letters like that to his brother on page 80, where the characteristics of an 'educated man' — what we should call a gentleman — are defined. In Chekov there seems to have been combined a sensitive and delicate nature with a photographic mentality. The latter accounts for his scientific interests and the objectivity of his writings; there was little in him of the Russian passion for discussing metaphysics. People who are interested in the subject will find this book very much worth while.

The Charter-House of Parma, by Henri Beyle (Stendhal). Translated by C. K. Scott-Moncrieff. New York: Boni and Liveright, 1925. 2 vols. $5.00.

It has become a fault all too common among us to discover a new genius every week. A variety of causes produces this result. Those who, like Diogenes, light their lanterns and go out in search of genius, more fortunate and more deluded than he, always come home with a goodly troupe. It is partly to these people and partly to our taste for side-shows that we owe the epidemic of the infant prodigy in art. Then there are the boosters, the advertisers, and the soft-minded who believe them. No better cure can be found, for such as care to be cured, than to come in contact with true genius. Mr. Moncrieff has made this easy for all of us in Stendhal's *Chartreuse de Parme.* Here is an excellent tale, told with a brilliance of style and a keenness of insight that reduce most of our contemporary wiseacres to pygmies. Fabrizio, the Contessa, and Mosca are persons that can never be forgotten. This is much, but it is not all. There is enough wisdom in these pages to make a wise man of anybody but a fool, though its outspoken cynicism might serve to attract the modern youth with cocktail tastes. But less palatable will he find the lesson, patent on every page and given us long ago, 'Know Thyself.' Whether or not this bait attracts any cynics, young or old, we can assure them that they will find nothing more readable on the bookstands this winter.

Arnold Bennett, by Mrs. Arnold Bennett. New York: The Adelphi Company, 1925. $2.00.

It is too much to expect complete exposure of Arnold Bennett's whims and failings from his wife, but possibly Mrs. Bennett's French traditions allow more latitude than an Englishwoman could compass. The book is really Arnold Bennett as reflected in his wife's character. She tells us that she takes second place beside his work, that she is lonely, that she is annoyed at being left behind, and so on. But she is also full of the genius and virtues of her brilliant husband. 'He is a creative artist with business instincts.' That is the essence of the man.

I Meet My Contemporaries, by Maximilian Harden. Translated by William C. Lawton, with an Introduction by Honorable James W. Gerard. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1925. $4.00.

This book is essentially the product of a European mind. For all its shapelessness and fustian, it has a sweep and verve that make provincial monkeys out of Strachey, Maurois, Guedalla, and the whole cult of precious biographical subtlety. Perhaps, though, this is hardly a fair comparison, for the subjects in this book — Wilson, Lloyd George, Lenin, Hindenburg — are not to be dealt with in an airy mood. Fifty years hence they may well be as absurd as Queen Victoria, Shelley, or Napoleon III, but they are our contemporaries, they have left their mark upon our world, and we must take them with some seriousness. Harden himself is a United-States-of-Europe man, but that does not blind him to the shortcomings of Wilson or to the greatness of Lenin. These two he takes as the outstanding antitypes of their generation, while his other subjects assume the rôles of 'character parts' in the drama of contemporary Europe. The style of the book is impressionistic, the aim being to give the reader pictures of great men, not only as human beings, but also in the trappings of their greatness.

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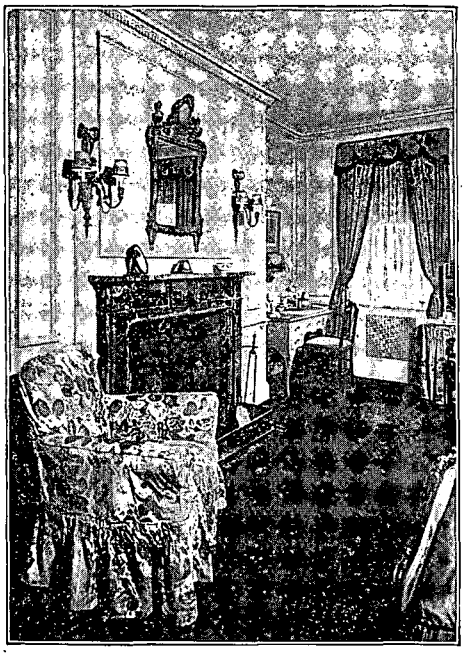

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